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In his essay on "The Essential Character of French Literature," M. Brunetière proves to his own satisfaction that French literature is essentially "sociable," not, as with English literature, "individualistic," nor, as with German (I am still giving his definition) "philosophic." In his second essay he shows, with some amount of truth, that it is the influence of French women and French salons which has given this innate tendency its direction and its form. Here is a passage in which this is made explicit;

it is a good specimen of M. Brunetière's manner:

" But now if we seek to characterise in one word the nature of this influence, we may say that women have given the French genius its *form*. While in other literatures, generally, the great writers create in a way at once the *matter* and the *form* of their work, and are masters, at the very least, of one as well as the other, it is to be remarked that in our literature they must, to be received, accommodate their *matter* to a *form* which is given or agreed upon beforehand. In French there are the rules of the art of writing, as of that of composing—or rather they are the same—which we call *formal*, that is to say, pre-existent to the ideas which are to be expressed. So the women have decided. What they wished was that the writer should not be allowed to remake the language in his own image, and, were he to try to, that he should incur their disgrace and be considered a barbarian. They wished, likewise, that if a person wrote, it should be with the intention of being read, and consequently understood, and that he should not be contented with being understood by himself, and still less by himself alone. They wished, also, that there should be no sentiment, no matter how subtle, and no thought, no matter how profound, that could not be expressed by the words and grammar of modern usage. They wished, in short, that elegance should be given to those matters which least allow of it, and that there should never be any escape, under any pretext whatever, from the laws of the art of pleasing."

Nothing could be more true than all this, if we take it as a description of the average of French writing. But the average means the men of talent. What of the men of genius? Well, M. Brunetière himself is forced to admit: "Most of our great writers have shaken off the yoke of this discipline"; he even adds regretfully, "and it is clear that they have been right"; and then, in the face of his own admission that the exceptions have been better than the rule, he decides for the rule, because "to revolt against conventions we must be sure of having genius," and most people certainly haven't.

The truth is, as we see on every page of this book, that M. Brunetière really prefers the men of talent to the men of genius, and esteems the men of genius chiefly for those qualities which they have in common with the men of talent. Writing of Rousseau, he insists that Rousseau was, in the strict medical sense of the word, mad; and he sets down much that is most characteristic in the genius of Rousseau to the account of his madness. "His enthusiasts may prefer this madness, if they wish," he declares with comical severity, "to the wisdom of the world, but it is at least necessary to know that it is madness." Writing of the Romantics (that is to say, all the French writers of genius, or even of considerable talent, from the time of Chateaubriand to the time of the death of Victor Hugo), and referring to their fondness for foreign subjects, he asks, sweepingly:

" But what have they brought back for the most part but tinsel and spangle, local colour, as they said, oddities, monstrosities, above all, when they had the luck to meet with them, but nothing solid, nothing durable, nothing that could stand, nothing truly English, and with better reason, as may be thought, nothing truly French?"

In Molière's work it is precisely "Le Festin de Pierre" that M. Brunetière selects as the one conspicuously bad play of Molière, just because it is more "romantic" than the others, and, at moments, goes deeper. And, condescending for a moment to consider whether French literature, his own choice out of French literature, does, indeed, "lack depth," he can but sum up with the feeblest possible attempt at a joke, and ask:

" What more is to be said but that, according as French literature merits the reproach of lacking depth, it is reproached, as it were, for not being German literature? A very German reproach this!"

The real test of a critic is his power of comprehending contemporary and very recent literature. It requires no acumen to recognise that Racine wrote beautiful poetry and Pascal beautiful prose; it is like discovering over again that the world is round. The difficulty begins when we are called upon to decide whether Ibsen writes good plays and Verlaine good poetry; and one is not surprised to find M. Brunetière going out of his way to speak of "absurdly Scandinavian melodramas, like 'The Wild Duck' or 'The Lady from the Sea.'" What he thinks of the Romantic movement we have already seen, and if another choice of essays had been made, instead of the choice generously made by Mr. Smith, we should have seen what he thinks of most of the contemporary writers of interest. M. Brunetière tells us the main value of criticism is "that it alone can prevent the world, according to M. Renan's expression, from 'being devoured by charlatanism.'" It is only through criticism, he thinks, that the crowd can ever come to see that "there is some difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac," which, he adds truly, "it is doubtless well to know." It does not, I confess, seem to me of the slightest value to explain to anyone that there is a difference between Balzac and Ponson du Terrail; what might be worth explaining, and what the contemporary critic very rarely sees or explains, is that there is a difference between Balzac and George Sand. No one ever thought Ponson du Terrail was a good writer; the people who read him read him because he amused them. The "charlatans," against whom critics should be on their guard, are the subtle charlatans; and it is, after all, a somewhat low and beggarly trade to be but a hunter down and a shower up of charlatans. But then criticism, to M. Brunetière, is certainly a trade, a *métier*. He explains, at some length, that the real critic is the man who is nothing but a critic. M. Anatole France and M. Jules Lemaitre, whom he considers to be bad, or, at all events, greatly misled and very misleading critics, are all this partly, if not chiefly, because one of them has written stories and poems, and the other stories, poems, and plays. Their artistic pre-occupations, it appears, hinder them from approaching criticism in that unimpassioned spirit which seems to M. Brunetière the true spirit of criticism. It might well be maintained, on the contrary, that no one but a creative artist ever was a fine critic, and that the critic which exists in every artist is fine just in proportion to that

artist's creative force. Goethe, Coleridge, Lamb, Baudelaire, Pater, Matthew Arnold : here, just as the names come up under my pen, are a few of the finest modern critics, and each is a creative artist. Where are we to find the critic who is nothing but a critic ? There is M. Brunetière, of course ; and the paradox of his apology is explained.

Let me do him justice. I believe he would be capable of carrying his logic to its conclusion, and declaring that none of the writers I have named answers to his idea of a critic. It seems to me that his idea of a critic almost forbids the critic being also a writer, and his criticism becoming literature. Here again he is consistent. Writing, as he does, skilfully, he certainly never writes what we can accurately describe as literature. Caring above all things, in literature, for its form, he reduces his own criticism to an informal talk about form. Anxious, for the most part, to treat literature as a matter entirely of books, something impersonal to the writer, produced like tapestry, by the mere motion of the hands, he seems often to forget, or but reproachfully to remember, that there are those for whom the words written are only significant in so far as they suggest what is not, what never can be, written. He takes, in short, with all his care for literature, a low view of that which he prizes so highly. Like so many reputable critics, he is an atheist of letters, and his voice, so far as it has ever had an influence, a voice calling on the clock to go backwards. Criticism such as his, in which the deeper spirit of literature, that spirit of which literature is but one interpretation, is neglected or denied, may do something to explain the difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac, or to "preserve the world from charlatanism," but it will never do anything else very much worth doing. It is a dragging weight on every fresh endeavour to create anything new. That criticism should be a discouragement is against the very function of criticism, properly considered ; for criticism, if it is not a divining-rod, may as well be laid aside among the lumber.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A LITTLE FLEET OF SONG.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Yggdrasil, and Other Poems. By John Campbell. (John Macqueen.)

MR. CAMPBELL, in "Decree Nisi," one of the "other poems," also sets out to tell a novelette in verse. It deals with a trial in Sir Francis Jeune's court. This is the manner of one of the parties :

" Ay, thirteen champion idiots ! short Snapped George in flat contempt of court, ' I often think those asses Saul Lost to his gain in old Gilgal Are now, by one of Fortune's mocks, Stalled in our English jury-box ! ' "

Mr. Campbell's book cannot be recommended. It is very silly and is marred by vulgarity.

Shadows and Fireflies. By Louis Barsac. (Unicorn Press.)

EGGENTRICITY marks this little volume. The title-page is a welter of red and white type, and there is no method as to the beginning of the poems. But Mr. Barsac has things to say in no way extravagant or grotesque. This testimony of the grass is well thought and expressed :

" The soil is mine, its wide domain
Yields spaces for me everywhere ;
A freshened youth I lend the plain,
And make the hills more debonair.

I am the brother of the sky,
His blue fl. g waves above my green ;
We greet each other eye to eye,
At times with cloudy thoughts between.

My bounteous locks the breezes sweep,
And wanton with my waving hair ;
I laugh to feel the nibbling sheep,
The kine that browse without a care.

A patient, fragrant lap I lie,
Indulgent of each vagrant tread ;
Above me shouting life sweeps by,
Beneath me sleep the silent dead."

Mr. Barsac's attitude to the cuckoo is so different from that of other poets that we must place it on record :

" I care not, cuckoo, for thy note,
'Tis neither gloom nor glee,
Unsympathetic, tame, remote,
It breeds no rapture in thy throat,
It wakens no spring in me.

The blackbird trills a classic lay,
The thrush a tale divine ;
But like a bard, nor grave, nor gay,
With but two futile strings to play,
A barren strain is thine.

The poets lift thy rancous call
The fresh young year to bring ;
But would it hush thy rise and fall
If spring should never come at all,
I would not wish for spring."

Ian and Edrie : A Poem of Our Own Day. By Don Antonio Mirandola. (Dickinson & Co.)

THE poet's scheme is tremendous : he takes Ian and Edrie to every kind of place, including Paradise and Hades, and sets them discussing religion and conduct wherever they go. The medium is blank verse, and now and then the author trips. Here are lines :

" The origin of Life ; and if Biology."
" These let me do. They'll take me all my time."
" May live. And—Education too, to her."

This is the conclusion of the whole matter :

" At one time, only we the Father see,
And at another, we the Son behold,
Another time we feel the Holy Ghost.
In Nature's form the Father's hand we trace,
In History's page we see the Son of God,
In Spiritual life, the Holy Ghost."

Farewell, Don Mirandola.

From Cliff and Scaur. By Benjamin Sledd. (Putnam's Sons.)

ANOTHER quatrainist and American. Mr. Sledd can expand his thoughts into stanzas when he likes, but he thinks no worse of a

poem because it can be written on a three-penny-piece. Thus :

" The beggar heart,
When saddest, most forlorn,
Does charity of love
And sympathy most scorn."

And

" More blest is he who idle waits
Without the city's thronging gates—
Hearing unmoved the far sad din—
Than he who proves that fruitless life within."

A quiet, reflective mind confronts one in Mr. Sledd's pages.

Cameos, and Other Poems. By Florence G. Attenborough ("Chrystabel"). (W. Reeves.)

THERE is every indication that many of Miss Attenborough's verses were written for music. They are sometimes pretty and always fluent. This is the proem :

" A little bird upon the wing ;
Will any pause to hear it sing ?
Or is its flight too close to Earth,
To make its chant of any worth ?

A tiny bud that seeks to bloom ;
Will glorious flowers give it room ?
Or is its fragile growth too small,
To claim a garden space at all ?

What would I, little bird of mine ?
Thou canst but try that wing of thine ;
Thou canst but swell thy trustful throat,
And leave to Bards to judge the note.

And what, oh tiny bud ? Be thou
A sprig upon a briar bough ;
So should there come a storm of rain,
Thou'l give but sweetness back again !"

Walter Graeme, and Other Poems. By Thomas Fergusson.

THE title-poem is a melancholy story in blank verse—the work of an earnest and pious mind. Indeed, on the whole book is the imprint of a sincere nature. One of the most pleasing pieces is that in which the author's thoughts return to his old town of Maybole or "Minnibole" :

" The Auld Schule brought us lear eneugh ;
And when we won our prize,
And to the auld folk took it hame,
What joy danced in their eyes !
They thocht, nae doot,
We'd a' turn oot
Great folks in Minnibole.

But time has swept us far apart ;
Some, posts wi' credit fill,
While some sleep soun' at the Kirkport,
Some at the Clachan hill,
And a' maun gae,
Nae distant day,
Far, far frae Minnibole."

Nightshade and Poppies. By Dugald Moore, M.B. (John Long.)

MR. MOORE is a doctor with some skill in rhyme. In this little book he is both grave and gay. We like him best when he is gay. Here are the opening stanzas of a merry song, "In Praise of Physicians" :

" If the soldier upraises his chorus in praises
Of heroes whom history gathers,
If the sailor spins stories of Nelson's brave
glories,
And each Churchman can quote from the
' Fathers.' —

Let us take a glance at those knights of the lancet
Who wrought for humanity's ailing,
And sing of Berzelius, Valsalva, Spigelius,
Vesalius, Hippocrates, Galen.
In the days of wise Socrates flourished
Hippocrates,
Whom the waters of Lethe ne'er gush on;
He cured stomach-achings by good hearty
shakings,
Which he termed 'Hippocratic succession,'
But his wise commentator eclipsed his fame
later,
Correcting each point of his failing,
'So I think it but proper to fill a tip-topper,'
And drink to the health of old Galen."

On second thoughts, we do not like Mr. Moore very much even when he is gay.

The King of the Jews. By George S. Hitchcock. (Chatham : Hutchinson.)

Mr. HITCHCOCK has been at the pains to turn the last scenes in the life of Christ into a cantata. We do not care for such experiments; but none the less, it is not possible to charge Mr. Hitchcock with irreverence, for we are persuaded that he has none. His rhyming and metrical skill is considerable, but we should like to see it employed differently. The following passage of dialogue, for example, is grotesque in its jingling brevity :

"JOSEPH, the High Priest (*entering with Alexander*): 'What man was he now passing out?'

LEAH: 'A priest, who sought your lordship here.'

JOSEPH: 'The matter he had come about?'

LEAH: 'It was intended for your ear.'

A sense of humour would have saved Mr. Hitchcock not only from this absurdity, but from attempting the cantata at all. He does not, however, elsewhere trip so flagrantly; indeed, some of the lyrics have merit, and are often musical.

Poems. By Charles Rosher. (Haas & Co.)

MR. ROSHER has not much to say, nor a very attractive way of saying it. His leanings are toward mysticism, but the result is uninteresting. Here is a specimen of his philosophy :

"Men are as ships on the ebbing stream
Which ever floweth towards the Sea,
And the little 'ripples' we love oft gleam
For a moment, and pass like a fairy dream,
To be merged in the Waves of Eternity,
And so with the 'loves' of humanity."

The little flowers, whose presence rare
But charms a moment and fades away,
Are the Children of Man: of Death the heir
Since Adam and Eve quitted Eden fair;
While aloft, 'midst the Heavens' bright
array,
The babes are the stars in the Milky Way."

Uncut Stones. By Herbert Bell. (Redway.)

If by his title Mr. Bell wishes to suggest that his verses are in need of polish, we shall not quarrel with it. This is a vague, emotional book with little in it that seems to call for quotation. But the following piece is interesting for the glimpse it offers of a new kind of boy :

"Inside a garden grew a peach,
Soft and round,
With a blush upon its downy skin,
It fell to ground:

And as it lay, two boys passed in,
And thus said one:
'It's mine!'—and eating it the while—
'Take thou the stone!'
Then said the other with a smile:
'Thy joy is gone;
But mine doth only now begin
In this the root,
From the threads of which the sun will spin
The tree, the fruit,
An endless joy beyond thy reach.'

The Unnamed Lake, and Other Poems. By Frederick George Scott. (Toronto : Briggs.)

MR. SCOTT is apparently a Canadian, and this is not his first appearance as a poet. The verses in this volume are straightforward and simple. They do not, however, quite support the contention put forward by Mr. Scott in a piece entitled "Song's Eternity":

"But the music poets make
Is a deathless strain,
For they do from sorrow take,
And from pain,
Such a sweetness as imparts
Joy that never dies—
And their songs live in men's hearts
Beyond the skies."

Mr. Scott's volume is well intentioned and musical.

Poems and Sonnets. By James Renwick. (Gardner.)

MR. RENWICK has made up his mind about most things, and hence his verses have a certain definiteness and clarity. He is a lover of the poets and of great men, and among the poems are eulogies of Keats and Browning and Garibaldi. The workmanship is sound, without any great distinction, and the impression left by the book is pleasing. Thus does Mr. Renwick follow Keats: "On Reading Spenser for the First Time"—

"When Keats first heard great Homer's voice resound
In Chapman's verse, high swelled his heart,
and song
Broke from his lips; in stately march along
Came metaphor and trope with music
crowned
Expressive of deep joy. I too have found
A treasure; longest of the tuneful throng
To me unknown, serious and sweet and
strong.
Spenser, thy single voice fell with the sound
Of a great chorus on my startled ear,
And stung my spirit till my former joy
In tuneful numbers fluttered like a fear
About my heart; I grew again a boy,
And simply grasping the great master's
hand
Passed blind and happy to a strange new
land."

Among the errata we notice an amusing "Spoonerism"—"For 'Cleto and Bleobis,' read 'Beto and Cleobis.'"

Ave, Victoria! By Frederick Rivers Brown. (Colchester : Wright & Sons.)

HERE we have a belated Jubilee ode. It takes the form of a history of Her Majesty's life, in heroic couplets that glow and palpitate with loyalty. The author manages his

measure with some skill. This is the opening:

"Daily as when the wakeful lark doth soar
In ecstasy the dewy landscape o'er,
And high in ether poised on fluttering wings
Its hymn transcendent to Aurora sings;
Or when, in melting chant at hour serene,
Philomel serenades night's silv'ry queen:
So would the Muse to thee, O Queen!
ascend
In perfect song, whose merit might command
The bold approach, and justify the right
Thee to congratulate, thy fame recite."

MOTHER AND CHILDREN.

The Development of the Child. By Nathan Oppenheim. (New York : The Macmillan Co.)

DR. OPPENHEIM expresses an American scorn for "conservative Europe"; but his method, no less than his name, suggests the laborious Teuton. Yet, though his tone is not invariably suave and his style lacks attractiveness, those who have leisure to master this volume will find the result well worth the trouble. Dr. Oppenheim has studied his subject from an independent standpoint, and produces a number of bold and original suggestions. It is our duty to inform the frivolous, however, that this is no addition to the mass of light reading about children which is attaining such large dimensions. We feel it all the more incumbent to issue this warning, because, sooth to say, our attention has been perhaps unduly directed to certain delightful fragments of child-life that not even a zeal for hard science has been able to exclude. Besides, it would not be possible in a short article to deal satisfactorily with

"the times of preparation in which the child changes from the microscopic mass of protoplasm which is his form after conception to the fully developed adult who constitutes the highest product of terrestrial evolution."

It is fair, however, to give the salient conclusion from our author's study of "facts in comparative development"—viz., that we "have been trying to see our children in an entirely false light," looking upon them as diminutive men and women, whereas there is very little exact resemblance between infant and adult. Putting their bodies side by side, Dr. Oppenheim says :

"Multiply the proportions of the infant to those of the adult, and you will have a being whose large head and dwarfed lower face, whose apex-like thorax, whose short arms and legs give a grotesque appearance. The two do not breathe alike, their pulse rates are not alike, the composition of their bodies is not alike."

In short, the ordinary infant is an exceedingly immature animal, and we treat the little beast — one falls easily into the Doctor's style—very unwisely. As soon as he can prattle a few words and toddle unsteadily on his fat legs, off he is sent to school. Mothers are quite satisfied; their darlings are not taking serious lessons as yet, they are

only at the Kindergarten—at perdition says the Doctor.

"These [Kindergarten] games are decidedly harmful. In the weak and immature condition of such children's eye-muscles, body muscles, and nerve-cells, the efforts required sufficiently to perfect motor accommodation to attain the desired end must unquestionably tend to strain and consequent exhaustion. The ordinary lessons in drawing are beyond doubt useless and harmful."

As to threading needles, pricking in outline, stringing small beads, outlining with seeds, he is both vehement and pathetic in denouncing them. They are tasks for little men, not rational aids to childish development. In the same spirit he falls foul of primary schools, where the infant's lack of mind is not half understood, and to support his opinion he quotes Dr. Joyce, who holds that infants cannot comprehend the simplest verse. He was in the habit of asking children the meaning of the following lines :

"She is a rich and rare land,
She is a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine."

"Few children knew what their native land was . . . One boy thought the phrase 'fair land' meant good soil ; he continued to explain that 'she is a dear and rare land' meant that land was hard to get, and rents were high."

But in this case, are not both the Doctor and his authority a little out in their inference ? The boy's answer did not lack intelligence, it was only that the poet's vocabulary was not that of his home where the phrase, "a fair (or fairish) bit of land," would carry exactly the meaning he gave. Fair, in the sense of beautiful, is not a mother word, it is literary and even affected. The verse is not as simple as it looks, and is indeed very unsuitable to a child's understanding.

Again, when arguing, with a great amount of sense and justice, against introducing religious ideas to children at too early an age, we cannot help thinking our author is unfortunate in his examples, as in this delightful and simple piece of childishness told of a girl about eleven :

"Several men were sitting about the room, after dinner, discussing the Single Tax theory. One, in the course of his remarks, said : 'There is not a spot on this footstool,' &c., &c. The little girl who was sitting on my knee whispered 'What footstool?' As quietly I explained that he referred to the earth as the footstool of God. 'O-h-h,' muttered the child in astonishment, 'what long legs ! ! !'

Now we venture to think the girl must have had a very vivid and fine imagination. One can fancy the Oriental imagery to have become, like many Biblical phrases, utterly meaningless to the men present, just as a Salvation Army lass uses a hundred Biblical phrases without at all realising their terrible import ; but the fresh young mind must have a definite and concrete picture.

There is another pleasant bit of misinterpretation cited that further illustrates the independent mental action that insists on a meaning, even though it be a wrong one :

"I was walking one day with a little girl," says our author, "past an oyster restaurant [why

could he not write oyster shop?], on the window of which was displayed the sign "Families supplied." The meaning to an adult is, of course, perfectly plain ; but with the child it was quite different. Immediately after reading it, she clapped her hands and cried out, "Oh, let's go in and get a little baby ! I've wanted a baby brother for a long time." . . ."

Here it was not lack of intelligence, but want of knowledge and experience that dictated the droll answer. The words, taken by themselves, are quite open to the girl's interpretation of them.

Without playing the part of criticising a critic any longer, let us say one word about the extremely wise conclusion at which Dr. Oppenheim arrives, which has a double significance as coming from a professed American. It was the States that sent us Mrs. Bloomer, women's rights, and the strong-minded female generally. But if we are right in deeming "maternity as a profession" the kernel of this book, it points to a revulsion towards the domestic virtues. The woman of to-day, according to our author, prepares herself for every calling except that ordained to her by nature. Formerly her education was purely decorative ; latterly the pendulum has swung too far the other way, "until there is now no real line at which one can say a man's work ends and a woman's begins." And this semi-male woman, if by luck she marries, is a horribly bad mother, eager only to shunt her duties on to other people, reluctant even to nurse her own babies, and having "some strange girl or woman, usually of the social and intellectual grade of the peasant, to act as a sort of foster-mother." If we clearly understand Dr. Oppenheim, his message to women may be summarised as follows : There is no art or calling equal to that of motherhood ; to bring a child into the world and rear him to noble manhood is more divine than anything else you can do. Put away those horrible makeshifts, those nurses, kindergartens and ill-informed teachers, and devote yourself heart and soul to doing the work you now pass over to them.

CHURCH AND BIBLE.

Essays in Aid of the Reform of the Church.
Edited by Charles Gore, M.A., D.D.
(John Murray.)

The Documents of the Hexateuch. Translated and Arranged in Chronological Order, with Introduction and Notes, by W. E. Addis, M.A. Vol. II. (David Nutt.)

Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman. Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. (Burns & Oates.)

By friends of the Church of England these essays should, in the first place, be welcomed as an evidence of vitality. They are an appeal for legislative independence ; and at the same time they hold out to the laity a generous offer of participation in the councils of the Church, and a shared authority. "Shall the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland" (the editor quotes Dr. Johnson) "have its general assembly, and the Church of Eng-

land bedenied its convocation?" Convocation exists, it is true, but exists in word only and not in power. It can debate and resolve, but not legislate.

"It is this disability that the Church reformers of our time are resolved to do their best to remove. . . . But . . . we are convinced that before any real grant of governing powers can be given to Convocations of the Clergy, there must be associated with them Houses of Laymen really representative of the whole body of Church laity ; which, again, they cannot be unless they rest upon a system of Diocesan Councils and Parish Councils. . . ."

This appeal to the democratic spirit is not original to the Church of England ; other communions have discovered that the royal foster-parents of Scriptural promise are a frail support, and that a Church which would survive democratic criticism must rest upon a democratic basis ; but to take a wise example to heart evidences sagacity, and in this case courage. The general lines upon which the agitation moves are laid down by the editor in his introductory essay ; Mr. Raekham clears the ground of a certain stumbling-block by exhibiting historically the position of the laity in the Early Church ; Lord Balfour expounds the regiment (to use Hooker's nice word) of the Scots Kirk. Then comes Canon Scott-Holland on the general relations of Church and State ; his essay is the bright spot in a book which from a literary point of view is rather dull. The legal possibilities of the situation are weighed by Mr. Justice Phillimore, and other writers explicate the methods by which the episcopal communions in Ireland and America contrive to get along without the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. But the grand crux, how in the case of a communion endowed out of the wealth of a whole nation you shall limit the franchise to its *bond fide* members, does not seem to be fairly faced. It is all very well for clerical essayists to discuss whether the franchise shall be extended to all enrolled and professing Churchmen, or shall be confined to communicants ; but what will he who is neither have to say about the matter ?—and he is often the kind of person accustomed to make himself heard. As we close the volume, the impression abides that—excellent as is the spirit which animates the contributors—they have not made appreciable way towards the solution of the problem, how to win liberty without sacrificing the great resources which have furnished occasion for "the present traffic in cures of souls," and the other abuses which Canon Gore so bitterly denounces.

The second volume in our list, *The Documents of the Hexateuch*, from the pen of another clergyman of our sprightly battalion of the Church Militant, is of a less practical character. One cannot look at this monument of industry and erudition without a smile at the imagined face of "J." and "P." and "E.," and the other Hebrew gentlemen whose handiwork modern critical ingenuity has detected in the pages of the "Books of Moses," as they recline upon Abraham's bosom exceedingly astonished. For so remote from our own was the spirit of their time and nation, so rich was their

instinct of self-effacement, that their highest conception of duty towards the literature of their race would seem to have been—since they must produce—to bundle up their literary offspring into an indistinguishable pack with any other body's book that lay handy, and to call the amalgam after the name of a third person (deceased, for the more effectual frustration of disclaimers). For the man in the 'bus—or in the hansom, for that matter—the results of critical research into the question of the authorship of those six books, which the Pearsons and Butlers and Paleys were content placidly to accept as the occasional literary output of Moses and his successor, amount briefly to this: that they were not written by Moses and Joshua; that it is impossible to say precisely by whom they were written, or who was their final redactor; but that the various writers who embroidered upon a thread of primitive written tradition were men of different ages and diverse prepossessions, having various conceptions of the Hebrew deity, and serving mutually antagonistic interests. Among English scholars who have devoted themselves to the exploration of these mysteries, few are of more account than Mr. Addis; and it is with the deeper gratification that we read, in the conclusion of his preface, these words:

" . . . I may, perhaps, be allowed to express my deepening conviction that Israel was the subject of a Divine guidance, in the strictest sense supernatural and unique, till He came to whom the law and the prophets alike bear witness, and who is the 'express image of His Father's glory.'"

The recent publication of Monsignor Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* makes the present moment appropriate for the publication of excerpts from his literary remains. Their author is an engaging personality. He is a gem of many facets. To the ecclesiastically minded he is, of course, precious as a great priest. He was an antiquary and archaeologist to boot, and a linguist of extraordinary parts; in his way he was a wit; he measured seventy-six inches; and he inspired Browning with the idea of an immortal satire. Even to the carnal he is endeared by the "lobster-salad side" of him. And there are motives more than sufficient to justify Mr. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, in this enterprise of his. The passages are classified under five headings: Polemical, Doctrinal, Moral, Devotional, Miscellaneous. In turning the leaves a passage starts up to the eye quite characteristic of the man, who was so many other things and a Catholic priest: a plea for that—seemingly—most lifeless and mechanical of Catholic devotions, the rosary:

" We are told by Goethe that he trained himself to look at objects with the eyes of the great artists, so that in a group he could discern what characteristics Raffaello, or Guercino, or Michael Angelo would respectively have seized; and a landscape he would contemplate according as Claude, or Salvator Rosa, or Poussin would have done, each drawing from it a different picture, though all true representations. And so surely, if one would wish to contemplate the tender scene of our Lord's Nativity, one would gaze upon it through the

eyes of those poor but happy shepherds who witnessed it, and try to feel and adore, humbly, lovingly, as they must have done; or one may approach it in the train of the Eastern kings, and, with more distant veneration, offer up such gifts as God has granted us."

The passage, a fragment of a fragment, shows the writer as he was—a man of wide culture and artistic sympathies, in whom these accomplishments were subordinated to the dogmas of the Church, and disciplined to be the handmaids of faith.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Memoirs of Alexander Gardner, Colonel of Artillery in the Service of Maharaja Ranjit Singh. Edited by Major Hugh Pearse, with an Introduction by Sir Richard Temple, Bart. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

" He walked into Cooper's reception room one morning, a most peculiar and striking appearance, clothed from head to foot in coat and trousers of the 79th tartan, but fashioned by a native tailor. Even his *pugri* was of tartan, and it was adorned with the egret's plume, only allowed to persons of high rank."

Thus wrote Captain Segrave concerning the subject of this volume, Colonel Alexander Gardner; and thus does he appear in the frontispiece to the volume. It is a stroke of publishing genius to present that portrait on the threshold of the book; for never surely did modern man have a more remarkable presentment, or one more likely to tempt the most indifferent to read about him. A strongly marked face, of undoubtedly Scottish type, with a big beard swept apart in two swathes, Sikh fashion, and with a Sikh turban of tartan stuff, beneath which burn a pair of quick, fierce eyes: such is the impression from the frontispiece, and such Colonel Gardner appeared, at about ninety years of age, when English visitors made his acquaintance in the early seventies in his retirement in the Vale of Kashmir.

Alexander Gardner was a Scot by origin, an American by birth, being the son of a Scottish surgeon, who emigrated to the shores of Lake Superior, and who took part in the War of Independence. At a fairly impressionable age he spent some years in Ireland, which accounted for the thick brogue with which he spoke English in India; in his early manhood he ventured into Russia, but by an accident lost the opportunity of service there; he then crossed the Caspian and entered upon a career of wild and astonishing adventure in those regions of Central Asia which the Russians have recently won, and thus spent some dozen years

" amidst ambuscades," as Sir Richard Temple well says in his Introduction, "fierce reprisals, hairbreadth escapes, alternations between brief plenty and long fasting—amidst episodes sometimes of brutality and cruelty well-nigh inconceivable, at other times of hearty charity and fidelity unto death."

He "took service" with Habibulla Khan, the chivalrous opponent in Afghanistan of the great Dost Mohammed, and finally

passed into the Panjab, where he served the famous Ranjit Singh, "the Lion of Lahore," as colonel of artillery, and only put up his sword when the Sikh power went down before the English. It is a most varied, remarkable, and, in its way, heroic history; and nothing of the kind, of so much interest, and with so much of the glamour of romance, has been published for many a long year.

Colonel Gardner himself wrote in tolerable detail the history of his wanderings and his wars, and some parts of them have for years been known to Anglo-Indian officers; but much of what he wrote has been lost by various accidents (which are explained in this volume), and this book is but the clever piecing together by Major Pearse of the remains of Gardner's own narrative, although nowhere does the Major tell us how so much was recovered. The loss of so much is all the more to be regretted, because Gardner evidently wrote so very well, and with an uncommon vigour and picturesqueness. Here, for instance, are some typical sentences:

" In the old age of the Maharaja [Ranjit Singh] there was a person whom he especially took into favour, and whom he loved like a son from his birth. . . . Now Kharak Singh was a blockhead, and a slave to opium. . . . The character of Gulab Singh in the early days of his power was one of the most repulsive it is possible to imagine. . . . To turn to smaller traits: he is an eater of opium, he tells long stories, offers little, promises less, but keeps his word; has a good memory, and is free and humorous with even the lowest and poorest class of his subjects. The partaker and companion of their toils and labours, seeming to be their diligent and careful instructor and father, their intimate village brother, their free, jocose neighbour, their constant visitor; yet, with all this, in reality a very leach, sucking their life's blood, the shameless trader of their sons and daughters, the would-be great merchant of the East, the very jack-of-all-trades, the usurer, the turnpenny, the briber, and the bribed. With all this, he must be accounted the very best of soldiers."

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give examples of the variety of incident in the narrative, of which there is sufficient—dramatic, descriptive, picturesque—to furnish forth a dozen stories of adventure. There is the story of the Hermit's Ruby among the Kirghiz Tartars:

" On examining the gem I found a small Zoroastrian altar cut in high relief on the centre of the oblong face of the stone, and round the altar a double cordon of letters of the same kind of characters as appear on the Scytho-Bactrian coins which are found about Balkh, Bokhara, &c. The stone was very valuable, from 150 to 200 carats in weight—a pure, lustrous gem."

Then there are his speculations concerning the Golden Fleece of Greek fable, his account of his astonishing journey through Chitral (the points of which, long doubted, have been recently confirmed by Sir George Robertson), his lovely story of a race for a wife, and his own love-story with its tragic end:

" There lay four mangled corpses—my wife, my boy, and two little eunuch youths. I had left them all thoughtless and happy but five days before. The bodies had been decently covered up by the faithful *mullah*, but the right

hand of the hapless young mother could be seen, and clenched in it the reeking *katar* with which she had stabbed herself to the heart"—

to save herself from the Afghans of Dost Mohammed; for it was early in Gardner's career, when he served with Habibulla Khan, that the love of his life came to him. These are but a few of the points of romance and intrepidity with which the volume bristles; and Sir Richard Temple may well commend it to "the attention of our rising manhood in the British Isles." For, though Colonel Gardner's wonderful story relates

"not to the British dominions nor to the British Service, it shows what men of British race can do under the stress of trial and suffering. It illustrates that self-contained spirit of adventure in individuals which has done much towards founding the British Empire, and may yet help in extending that Empire in all quarters of the globe."

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Bible of St. Mark. By Alexander Robertson, D.D. (George Allen.)

THE Bible of St. Mark; that is to say, St. Mark's Church itself, "the Altar and the Throne of Venice"; or, more precisely, the wonderful series of carvings and mosaics which make the unique church of the Doges an epitome of Scriptural narrative and a wonder of the world. Dr. Robertson has made it his labour of love to interpret, in the spirit of a devout Ruskinian, the meaning of these mosaics and carvings from beginning to end, their symbolism, their illustrative intention as a typical monument of mediæval religion. From this side, almost entirely, he approaches his task, having the least possible to say of the mosaics as art, everything to say of them as devotion, the expression of Christian doctrine and Christian narrative. Colour and form are nothing to him—let us say, rather, he takes them for granted, in his complete pre-occupation with the message, the idea conveyed by their means. The book, then, has its obvious and far-reaching defects; nevertheless, within its limitations, it is of real value, written with genuine and full historical learning, and in a spirit of patient, minute, and reasonable interpretation. Reasonable, indeed, Dr. Robertson is in a high degree. You will not find in his work the radiant personality shining through such books as *Mornings in Florence*, which we may presume served him as models, but, at the same time, you will not find the irrelevancies, the prejudices, the perversities, which at times make *Mornings in Florence* and its fellows more irritating than helpful. Pushing his metaphor rather tediously, Dr. Robertson divides the volume into three sections, which he calls, respectively, "The Title-page," "The Old Testament," and "The New Testament," and under these heads he examines in the minutest detail the ornamentation of the façade, of the atrium, and of the interior of the church. He has

been so thorough, that the result proves rather bulky for the purposes of the traveller, who might wish to use it as a handbook on the spot; for the stay-at-home student its value is greatly increased by eighty-two admirable illustrations from photographs by Signor Naya, of Venice. Some of Dr. Robertson's readings of inscriptions in the church puzzle us somewhat. What, for instance, can

"Quis fractio portis, spoliat me campis fortis?" mean? And how can it make an hexameter? Conjecturally, we emend—

"Quis fractis portis spoliat me campio fortis?"

The World Beautiful. Third Series. By Lilian Whiting. (Sampson Low.)

MISS WHITING repeats herself continually, and her echoes (of Emerson and Maeterlinck) would excite the envy of a Swiss echo merchant; yet she holds her readers, for she writes with verve and conviction. As in her first series of essays, which we reviewed two years ago, Miss Whiting insists on the importance of awaking and using the psychic powers. A man, she repeats, must discern the force and direction of the Divine energy within him, and then abandon himself to its mighty current. In such passages as the following we have Miss Whiting's recipe for success in one of the many forms in which she expresses it:

"More and more can each one learn to carry on the affairs of life by thought rather than by action. It is using the electric motor rather than an ox team. It is bringing the swift, sudden, resistless potency rather than the slow, clumsy effort. When the Apostle says: 'If there be love, charity, think on these things,' he offers a philosophic principle. If one would accomplish any specific result, think on it. Build it in the astral, construct it in the ethereal world, and it will take form in the outer world."

The most favourable time for auto-suggestion to work is at night. Before one goes into the unconscious state of sleep, press the suggestions upon the psychic self. They will work outward the next day. The law of success is in discerning the psychic and magnetic currents and working in accord with them; for then do all the stars in their courses fight for the achievement, and the personal effort is supported by the polarity of the universe."

But let Master Pliable note that "a diet of fruits and grains gives infinitely more of this exhilaration and pure energy than one of meats, vegetables, and pastry." The book is informed by a very earnest spirit; but we wish that Miss Whiting would put her cardinal message into a single book. We shall turn rather wearied eyes on a "Fourth Series." The "world beautiful" should be a compact world.

Epping Forest. By Edward North Buxton. New edition, revised. (Edward Stanford.)

THE interesting feature of the new edition of Mr. Buxton's *Epping Forest* is an added chapter on the management of the Forest. Here Mr. Buxton replies to the numerous critics of the Verderers, of whom he is

one, by setting forth the principles on which he considers they ought to act and do act. Four things, he says, should be considered: (1) Variety; (2) Preservation of natural features; (3) Restoration of a natural aspect where this has been interfered with in the past; (4) Reproduction with a view to the future. The charming variety of feature which Epping Forest can boast is due to the fact that the various manors of the district have been under distinct management in the past, while the natural differences of soil, aspect, and degrees of moisture are very marked. Thus in the Lower Forest, beyond Epping, a heavy and wet soil favours the growth of pollard hornbeams, of which trees there is a fine display, while in Epping Thicks the soil is drained by deep little valleys and holly flourishes on the ridges thus formed. Mr. Buxton would go as far in the way of preserving natural features as the most jealous lover of the Forest would desire. He would let the trees sow their own seed, and the saplings come up as they could; and he holds that fallen trees should be allowed to lie. The measures now being taken for the preservation of the Forest birds seem to be efficient, but Mr. Buxton bemoans the loss of flora. "I have seen the primroses ruthlessly eradicated, till there is scarcely a plant left between Epping and London. There is one area where they remain, but," adds Mr. Buxton, "let a watchful eye be kept on the Primrose League." This chapter is a welcome addition to an excellent, pocket handy guide-book.

Forgotten Truths. Selections from the Speeches and Writings of Edmund Burke, with a Biographical Sketch, collated by T. Dundas Pillans. (Liberty Review Publishing Co.)

THE contents of this slim volume are selected with the purpose, mainly, of discrediting the "Petes, Wills, Bens, and Toms" of our own democratic movement. Whether Burke would have handled that movement quite in the same spirit as that in which he attacked the French revolutionary rabble we may doubt; but Mr. Pillans has made a valuable selection anyway, and we may hope that his little book will individualise Burke to many to whom hitherto he has been but the shadow of a name. Here are certain apophthegms, appropriate enough to our own day:

"War is a situation which sets in its full light the value of the hearts of a people."

Interested timidity disgraces as much in the Cabinet as personal timidity does in the field, but timidity with regard to the well-being of our country is heroic virtue.

Virtue will catch, as well as vice, by contact. Nothing in progression can rest on its original plan. We may as well think of rocking a grown man in the cradle of an infant.

It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fitters.

Men little think how immorally they act in rashly meddling with what they do not understand.

The credulity of dupes is as inexhaustible as the invention of knaves."

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

THE HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

This story, by the author of *The Silence of Dean Maitland*, centres in an old mansion of many memories. "Ghosts it possessed in abundance, according to Barling folk, who unanimously decided to avoid it after dark." Little Maurice Bertram, who is a guest from the Parsonage to the Old House, asks Miss Dorrien: "Is it true vat vere's great heaps of gold under ve house? And did Oliver Cromwell frow the keys of the Secret Chamber away? And who sleeps in ve Tapestry Room? And vill you marry me when I'm grown up?" The story answers these and many other questions. (Heinemann. 367 pp. 6s.)

THE YELLOW DANGER.

By M. P. SHIEL.

Another contribution to prophetic fiction. Mr. Shiel tells how Yen How, a Chinese statesman of Western training, first conceded great tracts of China to the principal European Powers, and then, having set them fighting among each other, poured a ravaging yellow army into Europe to take possession thereof. All is well until John Hardy, an English sailor, enters the fight, and by superb naval adroitness completely sweeps the Chinese from the seas. Several naval battles are described with much thrilling minuteness, and there is also a detailed account of China's pleasant treatment of its prisoners. (Grant Richards. 348 pp. 6s.)

WIVES IN EXILE.

By WILLIAM SHARP.

A gay story of two wives who temporarily shake off the shackles of married life and go yachting, to be chased by their husbands. Adventures, storms, tremors, and rapture. A pretty extravaganza, with much bright dialogue. The story is dedicated to Mr. George Meredith, and bears, as its motto, "No woman had done it yet," from *The Amazing Marriage*. (Grant Richards. 343 pp. 6s.)

THE PAPA PAPERS, AND SOME STORIES. **BY R. S. WARREN BELL.**

A very pleasant paper-backed book for reading under a tree. "Papa" was delineated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his weaknesses and eccentricities, as drawn by his daughter, are not less amusing in volume form. At Christmas "we all club together and give papa something very nice; but the best thing of all is to see papa open the packet marked 'Papa, from Mamma,' and to see papa kiss mamma for it. That is the best of all, because when people have been married as long as papa and mamma have they don't very often kiss each other, do they, dear Mr. Editor?" (Grant Richards. 200 pp. 1s. 6d.)

JASON EDWARDS, AND A LITTLE NORSK. **BY HAMLIN GARLAND.**

North American life in two stories. The first tells in a bright, brave fashion of the rise of Walter Reeves, a young New Englander, in Boston journalism, and his love for Alice Jason. When Reeves applies for his first post on a paper and the editor says "No," he thus replies: "Exactly. Knew you'd say just that. Now I want you to look at me hard—so you'll know me again." Dagget looked at him in astonishment, his grey eyes getting big and round. "What the devil do I care how you look?" "Because I may be sitting in your place before five years are up. Here's my card. I'm green, but I ain't a salad!" These stories are full of the observation of certain phases of American life which characterised the author's last book, *Wayside Courtships*. (W. Thacker & Co. 366 pp. 6s.)

MARTHA AND I.

BY R. ANDOM.

"Scenes of Suburban Life," by the author of *We Three and Troddles*. In the preface, dedicated to all who live in Suburbia, Mr.

Andom remarks: "There are lots of good men and women in the world who could live out their lives of simple usefulness just as well if it [*Martha and I*] had never been penned, or, at least, if they never read it. But it is a dangerous experiment, and my advice to you is not to try it. Just take advantage of my publisher's offer and come—cash in hand—singly, and in dozens, by tens, by hundreds, by thousands!" Mr. Andom, you perceive, is a funny man. Among the subjects on which he dilates are "Tucklebury's 'topper,'" the "Cussedness of inanimate things generally and of bedsteads in particular," and "Sloper's Island." Mr. Andom calls a doctor a "medico." The book is badly illustrated. (Jarrold & Sons. 256 pp. 3s. 6d.)

IN THE SARGASSO SEA.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

A tale of sea adventure told in the first person by a youth who pays a West Coast (America) captain to take him to Loango in the *Golden Hind*. On his refusal to join in the captain's slave-carrying enterprise, he is pitched overboard near the sea-weedy wilderness of waters known as the Sargasso Sea. His adventures are such as Poe would have enjoyed, and the writer presents vivid pictures of hundreds of congested wrecks huddled together in those lonely waters. (Harper & Brothers. 293 pp. 6s.)

UMBANDINE.

BY ALEXANDER DAVIS.

A romance of Swaziland, in which the writer has endeavoured "to delineate to the more 'stay-at-home' public the life and sentiments of the Kaffirs of South Africa. The springs that have set in motion . . . the Zulu and Matabele Wars, the rising of Dinizulu after Zululand became settled, and the recent Matabele Rebellion, are laid bare to the historian, and may be found of interest to the reader." (T. Fisher Unwin. 239 pp. 6s.)

NORTHERN GLEAMS.

BY W. FORDYCE CLARK.

In these tales of the Shetland Islands the demand made on the reader's tolerance of dialect exceeds anything. Thus, at random: "Whin da moarnin' cam, da elta haed worn aff o' Robbie; an' he begood ta faer 'at his nicht's wark wid be heard tell o'; bit whin he fan 'at da only damage dune wis a lump ipo Davie's heid, a bit o' a burn ipo ane o' Janey's haunds, an' a holl ipo da byre rüf, he braeth'd freely ageen." But the stories are evidently sincere work, and they are published in remote Lerwick. (T. and J. Manson. 172 pp.)

HILDA.

BY HARLEY RODNEY.

This story is labelled "A Study in Passion," for no sufficient reason. We observe that the action is in London, and the East-end missions are introduced, and that Charlie Palmer cuts out Sir George Blinks in the affections of Lady Hilda Huntingbox. Hilda discovers that the East-end of London is not "a gigantic slum full of tipsy blackguards," which was clever of her. (Digby, Long & Co. 203 pp. 2s. 6d.)

MEMORIES OF THE SUMMER SEA.

BY VARIOUS WRITERS.

For Margate pier-head consumption. (Castle, Lamb, & Storr. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

Ezekiel's Sin: a Cornish Romance. By J. H. Pearce. (Heinemann.)

EZEKIEL was a Cornish "crabber"—an old crabber, who had never had any luck; and there were his two daughters at home to whom he must always be denying their wistful requests:

"For a minute or two Ezekiel, with his eyes glittering strangely, peered over the edge of the boat into the water. As he did so, under the

bronze of its wind-and-sun tan his bearded face seemed to grow almost wan, as if with a strange half-terrified sadness. And, meanwhile, there drew near to it, at the end of the lines, another pallid face, a face bearded like his own, but with eyes that stared persistently and yet were blank as stones."

From the body he took a belt. Eighty-five sovereigns were in it. With a share of them Drusilla, his elder daughter, cleared her path to matrimony. She was a handsome warm-blooded young woman of six and twenty, whom fate had kept always upon the hither side of matronly dignity. Joe was a poor sort of "shiner," but she had come to look upon him as her last chance.

" . . . In sheer desperation . . . Drusilla put the question to him, 'Why not we two make a match of it, same as awthers—what do 'ee say, Joe?'

'Caan't afford it—tha's a fact!' replied Joe, concerned in spite of himself. 'No good thinkin' o' things like that with not a penny in me pocket.'

Upon Drusilla's confiding to him that the means for furnishing a house were to be had from her father, the matter was settled; and the unpleasant tale of her disillusionment, of her husband's neglect and insults, and of her siege by her first shiner, the miller, runs through the rest of the book. Side by side with Drusilla's love story trips the prettier tale of Morvenna, her younger sister. But the mournful figure of the conscience-baited crabber is never quite lost sight of. His bad luck grows worse, his form becomes bowed, his beard turns white and thin; and his distress is augmented by the jeering persecution of an uncanny little creature, "Tom the hangman," who, having witnessed the crime through a spy-glass, tortures the unhappy man with his hints, and finally shares with Joe the bulk of the booty. Not that this evil genius, by the way, is a very successful attempt. He comes in far too pat, with the injudicious persistency of a Greek chorus. If ever anyone has a confidence to impart to another, you may be sure Tom will be behind the nearest bush to over-hear it, and, generally, that if mischief is to be done Tom will be busy about it. And his grimacing and his fiddling do not make him in the least impressive: he is just a grotesque marionette. One has not even any satisfaction in seeing him outwitted by Morvenna's virtuous schoolmaster in the matter of the hush-money.

Well, there you have the outline of the book. Its style shows signs of diligence (we never saw a page quite so dazzling with colons and parentheses), and the touches descriptive of fisher life in Cornwall give an impression of authenticity; so that, if not a work of genius, it stands a grade above mediocrity.

* * * *

The Admiral: a Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson.)

TRUTH may be stranger than fiction, but is not half so interesting; and the popular hero may hardly survive in the popular mind beyond the term of his own generation on the bare record of the *Gazette*. Mr. Douglas Sladen has undertaken to furnish up the Nelson cultus by making him the centre of a popular romance. But it is less as the greatest of sea-captains that he figures in these well-written pages than as the lover of the resplendent Emma. The tale proceeds from the pen of one of Nelson's captains, who, in the days of the Battle of the Nile, which is described with much spirit, was a midshipman—"Tubby," his unassuming style. To him in his old age were brought, by one who had received them from Lady Hamilton, certain volumes of Nelson's journal which till that moment had never come to light. They contain Lord Nelson's own account of his gradual enslavement, and constitute at the same time his apologia for the breach of the — which commandment is't they break?

"I was a villain [Nelson writes in the hypothetical journal]. But yet, now that I come to look back on it, with the steady gaze of matured love, I cannot but think that this villainy is a villainy invented of man—if it were not ordained for his eternal punishment when he was driven out of the Garden. . . . As with a man who has felt the imperious call of sleep, so it is with the man who has felt the imperious call of love. To some men it comes late: I have lived forty years without it; but now that it has come, though I know I must be a villain, I feel as if love were as much a part of my human nature as sleep, and I feel that life is

a great, lovely, glorious thing, and that life with love is like winning a victory in which you do not let one ship escape."

The scene is laid at the Court of Naples, and Lady Hamilton—that "diamond of the purest water and the finest creature upon hearth"—appears in the hey-day of her beauty and success. In his rendering of the lovely woman, Mr. Sladen has his best success. You see her a creature of exuberant vitality, frail, but no mere wanton, giving herself generously in the abandonment of hero-worship. And in giving her credit for the services which, in a later day, she believed herself to have rendered to her country, and for the losses she claimed to have suffered in its cause, the author, in spite of the results of later and dispassionate inquiry, commits no artistic error: "Tubby" certainly had no reason to doubt. Interwoven with the principal motive is a charming love-story, built upon a traditional prophecy of evil to betide the last of an ancient race on account of a pale stranger from the North. The heroine, the Princess of Favara, to whom a glittering British lieutenant is devoted, gives her heart unmasked to the Admiral; and the end is tragic. The setting of the whole story, the verisimilitude of the local colour, and the glowing presentment of Lady Hamilton bear witness to diligent research and unspared pains. Mr. Sladen's book exhales the spirit of romance.

* * * *

The Wheel of God. By George Egerton.
(Grant Richards.)

THIS, the first long novel that George Egerton has produced, strikes a note of reaction rather than of revolt, and so far as it teaches anything, teaches that a woman "cares more about being loved than she does for all the triumphs of science or legislation or morals." Take the following scene from the end of the book. Mary, the heroine, who has killed off two husbands and is still seeking for the love that shall satisfy her, is at a ladies' club known as the "Sappers." "John Morton," a lady novelist, is the speaker:

"Love, love, love," continued the little woman, "is just what she craves for from her cradle to her coffin; the need of it is the pivot to her whole existence: she never gets enough of it—from the right man. The tragedy comes when she happens to be a monogamic woman—oh, there are plenty of polygamic ones knocking round—and she won't realise that no whole, natural man is congenitally built that way. Cultivate it! Why should he? The bane of our age is the mixture—spoilt daddy and spoilt mammy! A fleeting dimple, a swing of hip, is more potent than the best stocked cranium in Europe. Unadulterated femininity is a deadly weapon, if wisely directed, against the male."

This was the philosophy which Mary gathered from her experiences in Dublin, in London, and in New York, while trying to earn a living. She married twice—firstly a consumptive adventurer, who dies on the next page, and secondly a dreadful doctor. Why in women's novels do all women with crystal souls marry dreadful doctors with nice complexions, a taste for whisky, and no moral sense? And then at the end Mary gives up this quest of the golden boy, goes down by the Baker-street line to Chalfont-road, where "John Morton" and some other earnest ladies have cottages; "her heart seemed to grow hot within her, and to burn out the last atom of self; and she hastened down the slope with eager steps to where the women were calling in the gloom." Not a happy ending. But we meet some amusing characters *en route*, notably Mary's father, the irresponsible Irishman, and the two Lambeth doctors who get drunk alternately and are gentlemen at heart. "George Egerton" is often absurd, but she is never very dull.

* * * *

John Burnet of Barns. By John Buchan.
(John Lane.)

WE have read *John Burnet of Barns* with a good deal of pleasure and distinct admiration for the industry and the patriotism of the writer. Of all the Scotch—Scots—Scottish—we never can get it right—who ever drank to Burns, Mr. Buchan is about the most so. You get him away to the low countries for a month or so, but he is not really happy until he sets foot once more among peat-mosses, clachans and whaups. His period is the end of the seventeenth

century, when times were stirring and swordsmen skilful and ready with the blade. As a work of art, his book is disjointed and loosely hung together. Mr. Buchan is too fond of digressions, but his style is good, and he has an eye for the picturesque. There is an atmosphere of life and action about the whole thing which some will relish. One cannot, indeed, get up a great affection for the hero, whose constant good fortune in a tight place becomes rather irritating. And the one woman is kept rather in the background. In fact, the serene way in which John Burnet takes his amours and his readiness to lay them aside when an adventure is in the wind are rather amusing, though of course very proper from an undergraduate. The most taking character is John's servant, Nicholas Plenderleith, one of faithful heart and quick wits, good alike at fighting and at cooking. His *cuisine* should surely make any Caledonian mouth water:

"Oh, your honour, I am ready for a' thing," said Nicol; 'sheep's head singit to a thocht, cockyleaky and a' kind of soup, and mutton in half-a-dozen different ways, no to speak o' sic trifles as confections. I can cook ye the flesh o' the red deer and the troots frae the burn, forby haggis and brose, partum pies and rizzard haddies, crappit-heids and scate-rumples, nowt's feet, kebbucks, scadlips, and skink. Then I can wark wi' curtocks and carlings, rifarts, and syboes, farles, fadges, and binnocks, drammock, brochen, and powsowdie."

Somewhat abruptly the story ends. Was Mr. John Buchan getting a little tired of Mr. John Burnet? At any rate, the hero marries the faithful Marjory and settles down, while Nicol Plenderleith betakes himself to the congenial life of a vagrant on the hills.

SYMPATHETIC CRITICISM.

One may say in a general way, writes Mr. John Burroughs in the last number of the *Chap Book*, that there always have been, and probably always will be, two kinds of critics—those who judge a work from the outside, according to fixed standards and in an absolutely authoritative manner, and those who appraise it from the inside, according to its own principle of being, seeking to penetrate it, to comprehend it, to possess themselves of its point of view; or judicial critics, and what we may call sympathetic critics. Literature is indebted to both these methods; but in a scientific, democratic age like ours, the tendency seems towards the more sympathetic form. Goethe said that a loving interest in the person and the works of an author, amounting to a certain one-sided enthusiasm, alone led to reality in criticism; all else was vanity. . . . I suppose that to get at the true inwardness of any imaginative work we must read it as far as possible in its own spirit, and that if it does not engraft and increase its own spirit upon us, then it is feeble and may easily be brushed aside.

Criticism, which has for its object the discovery of new talent, and, in Sainte-Beuve's words, to "apportion to each kind of greatness its due influence and superiority," is one thing; and criticism, the object of which is to uphold and enforce the literary tradition, is quite another. Consciously or unconsciously, when the trained reader opens a new book he is under the influence of one or the other of these notions—either he submits himself to it disinterestedly, intent only upon seizing and appreciating its characteristic quality, or he comes prepared with certain rules and standards upon which his taste has been formed. In other words, he comes to the new work simply as a man, a human being seeking edification, or he comes clothed in some professional authority, seeking judgment.

There is reason, therefore, in the contention of a Chicago college professor, that we should not bring to a poet like Whitman the same critical temper that we bring to Milton. Milton is founded upon the literary tradition; he planned his work after the classic models. Whitman brushed them aside, at least as to form, and found the tradition of his own land and ours sufficient. If we come to Shakespeare with the classic tradition in mind, where are we? Voltaire came to him in this temper, and he found him less a poet than Addison; he was a drunken savage. He read him through Racine and Corneille, and found him far less than either of these.

Our best reading is a search for the excellent; but what is the excellent? Each may be excellent after its kind, but kinds differ. There is one excellence of Arnold and Milton and the classic school,

and another excellence of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Burns and Pope and Whitman, or of the romantic and democratic school. The critic is to hold a work up to its own ideal or standard. Of the perfect works, or the works that aim at perfection, at absolute symmetry of proportion, appealing to us through the cunning of their form, scheme, structure, details, ornamentation, &c., we make a different demand from the one we make for a primitive, unique, individual utterance, or expression of personality like *Leaves of Grass*, in which the end is not form, but life; not perfection, but suggestion; not intellect, but character; not beauty, but power; not carving, or sculpture, or architecture, but the building of a man. It is no doubt a great loss to be compelled to read any work of literary art in a conscious critical mood, because the purely intellectual interest in such a work which criticism demands is far less satisfying than our aesthetic interest. The mood in which we enjoy a poem is analogous to that in which it was conceived. We have here the reason why the professional reviewer is so apt to miss the characteristic quality of the new book, and why the readers of great publishing houses make so many mistakes. They call into play a conscious mental force that is inimical to the emotional mood in which the work had its rise: what was love in the poet becomes a pale intellectual reflection in the critic.

Love must come first, or there can be no true criticism; the intellectual process must follow and be begotten by an emotional process. Indeed, criticism is an afterthought; it is such an account as we can give of the experience we have had in private communion with the subject of it. . . .

The critical spirit is always a bar to the enjoyment or understanding of a poet, when it has hardened into fixed standards. One then has a poetical creed, as he has a political or religious creed, and this creed is likely to stand between him and the appreciation of a new poetic type. Macaulay thought Leigh Hunt was barred from appreciating his *Lays of Ancient Rome* by his poetical creed, which may have been the case. Jeffreys was no doubt barred from appreciating Wordsworth by his poetical creed. It was Byron's poetical creed that led him to rank Pope so highly. A critic who holds to one of the conflicting creeds about fiction, either that it should be realistic or romantic, will not do justice to the other type. If Tolstoi is his ideal, he will set little value on Scott; or if he exalts Hawthorne, he will depreciate Howells. What the disinterested observer demands is the best possible work of each after his kind. Or, if he is to compare and appraise the two kinds, then I think that without doubt that his conclusion will be that the realistic novel is the later, maturer growth, more in keeping with the modern demand for reality in all fields, and that the romantic belongs more to the world of childish things, which we are fast leaving behind us.

Our particular predilections in literature must, no doubt, be carefully watched. There is danger in personal absorption in an author—danger to our intellectual freedom. One would not feel for a poet the absorbing and exclusive love that the lover feels for his mistress, because one would rather have the whole of literature for his domain. One would rather admire Rabelais with Sainte-Beuve, as a Homeric buffoon, than be a real "pantagruelist devotee," who finds a flavour even in "the dregs of Master Francois's cask" that he prefers to all others. The French have a name for this vice—*engouement*—the fondness of the toper for his tipple, the appetite of the gormand for a particular dish. Arnold thought Carlyle's criticism of Goethe savoured too much of *engouement*, and that little of it would stand. No doubt some of us, goaded on by the opposite vice in readers and critics, have been guilty of the same intemperate enthusiasm toward Whitman and Browning. To make a cult of either of these authors, or of any other, is to shut one's self up in a part when the whole is open to him. The opposite vice, that of violent personal antipathy, is equally to be avoided in criticism. Probably Sainte-Beuve was guilty of this vice in his attitude toward Balzac; Scherer in his criticism of Béranger, and Landor in his dislike of Dante. One might also cite Emerson's distaste for Poe and Shelley, and Arnold's antipathy towards Victor Hugo's poetry. Likes and dislikes in literature that are temperamental, that are like the attraction or repulsion of bodies in different electrical conditions, are hard to be avoided, but the trained reader may hope to overcome them. Taste is personal, but the intellect is, or should be, impersonal, and to be able to guide the former by the light of the latter is the signal triumph of criticism.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ALPHABET.

A LITTLE book, entitled *The Shakespeare Reference-Book*, just published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is made up of quotations from the plays selected in accordance with his own taste by Mr. J. Stenson Webb. Following Mr. Webb's alphabetical order, we pick the following :

ADAM.

And Adam was a gardener.

King Henry VI., Part II.

BRIGHT THINGS.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night.

So quick bright things come to confusion.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

CAKE.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry
the grinding.

Troilus and Cressida.

DEATH.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Julius Caesar.

ETERNAL SLEEP.

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; * here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

* Murmurs of discontent.

Titus Andronicus.

FAULTS.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

Measure for Measure.

GOOD NAME.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something—nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello.

HOLIDAYS.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

King Henry IV., Part I.

INN.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

King Henry IV., Part I.

JEST.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Love's Labour's Lost.

KINGS AND MIGHTIEST POTENTATES.

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

King Henry VI., Part I.

LOVE ALL.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

All's Well That Ends Well.

MAN'S LIFE.

And a man's life's no more than to say, One.

Hamlet.

NATURE'S BOOK.

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Antony and Cleopatra.

OMISSION.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

Troilus and Cressida.

POET'S EYE.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

QUARRELS.

Thou! why thou wilst quarrel with a man that hath a hair
more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou
wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other
reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but
such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head
is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.

Romeo and Juliet.

ROUGH-HEW.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hamlet.

SLEEP.

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Macbeth.

THINGS WON.

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.

Troilus and Cressida.

UNSURE.

An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

King Henry IV., Part II.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Romeo and Juliet.

WAR.

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

King John.

ZEAL.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

King Henry VIII.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE late Mrs. Lynn Linton, although the author of a large number of novels, has of recent years been known more as a journalist than as a novelist. Week after week she produced an article on some social subject for the *Queen*, using her pen ever with unflagging spirit and vigour. Mrs. Linton had always something forcible and interesting to say, but an overriding suspicion of the unwomanly woman weakened much of her later work. For what she called the shrieking sisterhood Mrs. Linton kept the best of her extraordinary powers of invective, and she pursued her bugbear with admirable if wearisome pertinacity. Hence, to some extent, her decline in popularity as a writer.

IN private life Mrs. Linton was the very antithesis of the mental picture formed of her by her readers. Instead of the embittered and scornful censor of the more revolutionary and ebullient of her sex, her visitors found a sweet and lovable old lady, enthroned smilingly in her chair, and famous in her home circle for exquisite examples of needlework. Young girls especially she was pleased to meet, and they could not have had a kinder, gentler, or more sympathetic friend. Whatever of gall she possessed Mrs. Linton kept for her writings. In life she was radiant and helpful. To those who knew her well her loss will be irreparable.

AN anonymous elegist in the *St. James's Gazette* dwelt upon this side of Mrs. Linton's nature. Thus:

"The silvered hair and gentle form
Touched with distinction's nameless seal;
The greeting kind, soft glance and warm,
Yet glance of steel."

Know all whom controversies vex,
Now that that lion heart is still;
She loved and battled for her sex,
Fighting their ill.

The halt, with strength of sweetness born
To struggle with the journey's length,
Might meet in her, devoid of scorn,
Sweetness and strength."

MRS. LINTON will probably be remembered best by her biting parable, in the guise of a novel, *The True History of Joshua Davidson*. The book, as on close examination its title reveals, is an adaptation to modern times of the life of Christ. Whether its satirical bitterness is quite fair is a question to be settled by the reader: of the writer's trenchant literary skill there can be no doubt.

THE serial rights of a large portion of Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Stevenson have been bought by *Scribner's Magazine*. The publication will begin probably next year. There is fitness in this proceeding, for it was in *Scribner's* that *The Wrecker* and the essays contained in *Across the Plains* appeared.

IN continuation of its gift of new Stevensoniana, the *Outlook* offered last week a little budget of sententiousness concerning the Conscience. Thus:

"Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct: that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensibilities; it must be employed, but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach.

There is but one test of a good life: that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behaviour. That is to be good: there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy constitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward if you keep on growing better than you were—how, do I say? if you do not keep on growing worse.

"You will always do wrong; you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about, when all the world is in the same case. I meant, when I was a young man, to write a great poem; and now I am cobbling little prose articles, and in excellent good spirits, I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

C. K. S., in the *Illustrated London News*, after remarking that the house at Samoa in which Stevenson lived and died is for sale, and although numerous offers have been made to Mrs. Stevenson and her son, there has not been one, so far, worth accepting, asks, Why do not the friends of Stevenson in Britain who desire a memorial to him purchase the house and put it up in Edinburgh? Better still, why does not the *Outlook* purchase it for editorial offices?

ANOTHER link with the past has disappeared in the death of Admiral Massie. In his youth the Admiral took part at the

battle of Navarino, and was promoted to a lieutenancy for his conduct there. He accompanied a boat sent off to render assistance to Lord Byron at Missolonghi, news of his lordship's illness having reached the ship. The Turks and their Egyptian allies, then besieging that city, took no notice of the flag of truce which the Englishmen displayed; but they at length reached Byron's doctor, and learned from him there was nothing they could do. Admiral Massie has died in his ninety-sixth year.

THE *Chap Book* tells an amusing story of Lieut. Hobson, the hero of Santiago. Last November, it seems, before any idea of the fame he was to achieve can have been his, Mr. Hobson instructed Romeike to supply him with all press references to himself. "Up to the time he sailed with Sampson's fleet," says Mr. Romeike, "I had been able to supply him with only about forty clippings." But now they are coming in, he added, at the rate of "over four hundred a day." Unless something is done to stop this, says the *Chap Book*, "the gallant Hobson will be Romeike's debtor for life, unless Congress makes an appropriation to pay his bill." Meanwhile, Mr. Hobson is in the custody of Spain, a prisoner of war, totally unaware of the liabilities which are being incurred in his name. The present paragraph adds yet one more item to his bill.

THE discovery that it was in a cottage, now demolished, near Cliff Green, that Keats wrote "Lamia" has decided the authorities of Shanklin to rename Cliff Green "Keats Green," in honour of the poet. It is also proposed to erect a memorial to Keats in the church of St. Saviour-on-the-Cliff. Thus does a poet—in time—achieve honour.

EVERY public question is reflected in the circulating library and the bookshop. The recent discussions on the Benefices Bill, together with the trial of Mr. Kensit, have put readers on the trail of theological fiction, church histories, and religious polemics generally. In commenting upon this circumstance Mr. W. P. James, writing in the *St. James's Gazette*, remarks: "It is not without significance, how large a part Rome plays in recent fiction. Its most eminent heroes and heroines are at this moment heading for monasticism. There are Helbeck of Bannisdale, and Miss Evelyn Innes, and Mr. Robert Orange, and, over the water, that sainted sinner, the M. Durtal of M. Huysmans. M. Zola, too, who began by advocating science, has ended with an attempt to withstand Rome. Readers who take their current fiction seriously should read their *Helbeck of Bannisdale* and *Evelyn Innes* side by side. The types of Romanism and Agnosticism are complementary in a way that is neither uninstructive nor unamusing."

WHILE on the subject of *Evelyn Innes*, Mr. James remarks that if Mr. Kensit and Mr. Schulz-Curtius had been agents in the secret service of Mr. Moore they could hardly have worked better to make his book

topical. The cries of the season have been "Wagner" and "No Popery," and *Evelyn Innes* rejoices in both the teaching of Bayreuth and Rome.

In a recent number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Quiller-Couch suggested the treatment of Euclid's Elements in ballad metre. He even added a specimen, beginning :

"The King sits in Dunfermline toun
Drinking the blude-red wine :
'O wha will rear me an equilateral triangle
Upon a given straight line ?'"

Since then so many persons have asked him to carry out the project that he has consented, and this month we are offered the completed ballad. It continues :

"O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee—
'Of a' the clerks by Granta side
Sir Patrick bears the gree.

'Tis he was taught by the Tod huntére,
Tho' not at the tod-hunting ;
Yet gif that he be given a line,
He'll do as brave a thing.'

Our King has written a braid letter
To Cambrigge or thereby,
And there it found St. Patrick Spens
Evaluating π."

For the remainder of a thrilling and credible story the reader is referred to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August. We could have wished that "blude" had not been spilled so freely for so poor a cause as geometry, but otherwise the brave new ballad of Sir Patrick Spens has our approval.

MR. A. R. COLQUHOUN'S *China in Transformation* has an interesting departure in frontispieces. This is a picture, excellently drawn by Mr. Hatherell, representing the author discussing Chinese politics with Li Hung Chang. The plan is ingenious: one sees at a glance what manner of man the author is, and what manner of man the principal figure in the Celestial Empire is, and one is assured also that the author is not lightly to be dealt with since Li Hung Chang gave him audience. The principle might be adopted by other publishers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* sends an interesting description of Mme. Michelet at home, in Michelet's house overlooking the Luxembourg. "One of the first things that struck me," says the writer, "when I went into the dining room was a large empty aviary. I almost guessed, what she told me afterwards, that it was the one where they had their birds during the time they wrote *L'Oiseau* together. In the introduction to *L'Oiseau* Michelet gives the story of his second marriage with this young delicate girl, half Creole by her mother; and she herself writes in this preface the story of her own childhood. Michelet must have been between fifty and sixty, and she quite a girl. They worshipped each other. Michelet says it was she who taught him the love of Nature, and all those books—*L'Oiseau*, *L'Insecte*, *La Mer*—are hers as much as his. She is," adds the writer, "a beautiful woman still, though, of course, she must be past sixty. She has very fine

features and hazel eyes, and a colourless waxen skin: the face just expresses the life of devotion to a dead love which is evidently hers."

"I WANT to know a butcher paints," wrote Browning. At the Birmingham Free Libraries are to be found many butchers who read, an accomplishment that might have satisfied the poet. Whether they read "Sordello" is another matter. During the year just ended, 71 butchers used the Birmingham Free Libraries. Among other readers were 15 actors, 4 aerated water makers, 20 barbers, 140 bicycle makers, 48 blacksmiths, 7 brewers, 54 bricklayers, 10 charwomen, 16 dentists, 1 firework maker, 112 gun makers, 12 hatters, 19 journalists, 15 marble masons, 1 undertaker, 3 Scripture-readers (but not necessarily to read the Scriptures), 67 pawnbrokers, 54 tobacconists, 4 vocalists, and 41 waiters.

An appeal to hunting men is made by the vicar of Wootton Wawen, Warwickshire, on behalf of the grave of one of the huntsmen of Somerville, the poet of *The Chase*. In the Wootton Wawen Church a tablet to Somerville is now placed; the vicar asks for funds to restore the tomb of John Hoitt, for which a former vicar, the Rev. J. Eaches, wrote the following lines, which now are illegible :

"Here Hoitt, all his sports and labours past,
Joins his loved master Somerville at last;
Together went they echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie.
Servant and lord, when once we yield our
breath,
Huntsman and poet, are alike to Death.
Life's motley drama calls for powers, and men
Of different casts, to fill its changeful scene;
But all the merit that we justly prize,
Not in the part, but in the acting lies,
And as the lyre so may the huntsman's horn
Fame's trumpet rival, and his name adorn."

Somerville's other huntsman buried in the churchyard is Jacob Boeter.

A FULL account of the important Hereford earthquake of December 17, 1896, by Dr. Charles Davison, F.G.S., will be published in the autumn if a sufficient number of subscriptions be obtained to defray the cost of printing. The work is founded on nearly 3,000 observations made at places distributed over an area of about 100,000 square miles. This area exceeds that disturbed by any other known British earthquake, and includes every county in England but three, the whole of Wales, the Isle of Man, and the eastern counties of Ireland. Copies of the prospectus may be obtained from Messrs. Cornish Bros., 37, New-street, Birmingham.

THE Life of Jowett is to be supplemented shortly by a volume of his Letters, which his biographers, Prof. Lewis Campbell and Mr. Abbott, are now preparing. Mr. Murray will publish the volume.

A MILITARY work which promises great and peculiar interest is that upon which General Sir William Butler is now engaged—the Life of the late General Sir George Pomeroy Colley, who was killed at Majuba

Hill. Sir George Colley was an officer of unusual distinction and accomplishments, and Sir William Butler is certain to make a very readable book.

SCOTT says, somewhere, that much correction is as fatal in composition as in education. Tennyson, on the other hand, as is well-known, corrected and polished unceasingly. It is, perhaps, thinks a correspondent, of happy augury in these days of rush that Mr. Hamish Hendry follows the example of the last laureate. Our correspondent finds that in the version of the little poem we printed a week or so ago, which appears in Mr. Hendry's volume, *Burns from Heaven*, the line we pointed out as unsatisfactory has been amended.

"Then the child, made still with awe
By this spread of crimson grace,"

now reads :

"Then the child, made still with awe
By this glimpse of azure grace,"

which is certainly better. Several of the poems in this volume appear also in the two volumes published by the Glasgow Ballad Club, and in all of them slight, but not insignificant, alterations have been made. For instance, the last stanza of the "Funeral of Thomas Carlyle":

"Slow tolls the bell beneath the sombre sky ;
Slow comes the hearse against the still grey
light.
They bring him dead who shall not surely
die,—
They bring him home when all the land is
white,
Yet sun-swept grass shall grow
Where now is mounded snow."

The last two lines, a lame and impotent conclusion, are now replaced by :

"Here, where the sad folk wait
Silent, beside the gate."

In another poem, in the lines—

"While strong men here choke down their sobs,
And turn their thoughts to far-off graves"—
the effect is much heightened by the substitution of :

"And see the grass on far-off graves."

While an unpleasant juxtaposition of similar vowel sounds in

"Heedless of what the hot hour brings to pass,"

is skilfully got rid of by the simple replacement of "what" by "aught."

MISS HETHERINGTON'S *Annual Index to Periodicals*, covering the year 1897, is now ready.

MR. EDWARD CARPENTER'S new book, *Angels' Wings*, will be found to resemble rather his *England's Ideal* than his *Love's Coming of Age*. Among the essays will be inquiries into Nature and Realism, Tradition and Convention, the Human Body in Relation to Art, the Art of Life, and studies of Wagner, Millet, Whitman, and Beethoven.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., has been elected Vice-President of the London Library, in the place of Mr. Gladstone; and Sir Robert Giffen, K.C.B., has joined the committee in the room of Mr. R. C. Christie.

HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.

Of all the secondary poets of the seventeenth century none has fared so precariously at the hands of the critics as Henry Vaughan. There are some, like Dr. Grosart and the late Mr. Palgrave, who would place the Silurist below only Milton and Dryden among his contemporaries; there are others, like Prof. Saintsbury, who give him but short shrift, refusing even to correct their impressions beyond dealing deeper damnation in a perfunctory footnote (*vide* Saintsbury, *Elizabethan Literature*, p. 393).

Vaughan's eccentricity—few poets give more trouble than he to the "pigeonholing" historian of literature—has doubtless much to do with it. Intemperate eulogy or contemptuous neglect is ever the lot of the wayward; and Henry Vaughan is by no means of those who keep to the high road of literature. His poetry is an amalgam of many different styles and moods, requiring a fairly catholic taste to appreciate it in the gross. He eludes classification as absolutely as any of the gallant irregulars of the singularly indeterminate literary period to which he belongs—an age of belated survivals and of ineffectual anticipations, hovering

" Between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

The Silurist starts in the adventurous track of the Elizabethans, and remains throughout as audacious an Euphuist as the best of them; in his late age his unwilling Muse toils along in the far wake of the "correct" poets. Beginning as a disciple of Donne, Vaughan passes for a time under the complete domination of Herbert, to end, after paying a distant tribute to Herrick, as a painful follower of Waller. It is curious, however, to note that in his first published volume (1646), where Donne's influence is so clearly seen, Vaughan indulges in far fewer "metaphysical" quips than in his later poems. The only glaring conceit of the Euphuistic order I have been able to detect in this early volume is the following:

" What though I had not dust
Enough to cabinet a worm?"

This figure is venial enough compared with the riot of deranged metaphors which we find in such a poem as "The Charnel-House," in *Olor Iscanus* (1651):

" Bless me! what damps are here! how stiff an air!"

Kelder of mists, a second fiat's care,
Front's piece o' th' grave and darkness, a display
Of ruin'd man, and the disease of day,
Lean, bloodless shamble, where I can descry
Fragments of men, rags of anatomy,
Corruption's wardrobe, the transplanted bed
Of mankind, and th' exchequer of the dead!
How thou arrests my sense! how with the sight,

My winter'd blood grows stiff to all delight!
Torpedo to the eye! whose least glance can
Freeze our wild lusts, and rescue headlong
man."

Were this kind of thing all Vaughan had to give us, he might indeed be safely left in the obscurity to which his superficial detractors have sought to consign him. But

in the very same poem we immediately come upon such lines as these:

" Where are you, shoreless thoughts, vast
tenter'd hope,
Ambitious dreams, aims of an endless scope,
Whose stretch'd excess runs on a string too
high,
And on the rack of self-extension die?"

It is precisely in sudden flashes of inspiration of this kind that Vaughan excels. The Silurist is a Welsh poet all over. Like his compatriot bards who have sung in the vernacular, he is brilliant by fits and starts. The "architectonic" faculty, which Matthew Arnold rightly fails to find in Celtic poetry, was withheld from Vaughan in common with the other poets of his nationality. He has a few short pieces which are perfect in their kind, but his longer poems require to be disengaged of much sorry dross to have their gems brought into full relief.

The few readers of poetry who can claim acquaintance with Vaughan at all know him chiefly as the author of *Silex Scintillans*; and those whose quest for poetry does not go beyond popular anthologies, know him only by one short poem extracted from among the "sacred poems and private ejaculations" which make up that volume. "The Retreat," with its "intimations" of pre-existence, which made the poet

" Feel through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,"

is linked in the popular imagination with Wordsworth's famous ode. Wordsworth himself is silent about the matter, but there can be little doubt as to his indebtedness to this and to other poems of Vaughan's. The second part of *Silex Scintillans* includes another well-known poem, "They are all gone into the world of light," which contains an image that will bear quoting again and again:

" He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest,
may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."

" And yet as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our
wonted themes,
And into glory peep."

Deservedly popular as these two poems are, it is strange that they alone should have caught the eye of the anthologist. Mr. Palgrave, indeed, has included several others in his *Treasury of Sacred Song*, but the ordinary "secular" anthology usually has nothing of Vaughan's. Yet from among his secular poems alone one could cite some half-dozen not a whit inferior to the two that have found favour. In the first volume, already mentioned, is a short song which seems, to me at least, perfect in conception and structure:

TO AMORET GONE FROM HIM.

Fancy and I, last evening, walk'd,
And, Amoret, of thee we talk'd;
The West just then had stolen the sun
And his last blushes were begun;
We sat, and mark'd how everything
Did mourn his absence; how the Spring

That smil'd and curl'd about his beams,
Whilst he was here, now check'd her streams;
The wanton eddies of her face
Were taught less noise, and smoother grace;
And in a slow, sad channel went,
Whisp'ring the banks their discontent;
The careless ranks of flowers that spread
Their perfum'd bosoms to his head,
And with an open, free embrace
Did entertain his beamy face.
Like absent friends point to the West
And on that weak reflection feast.
If creatures then that have no sense
But the loose tie of influence,
Though fate and time each day remove
Those things that element their love,
At such vast distance can agree,
Why, Amoret, why should not we?"

In this style of fanciful compliment, into which pictures and images from Nature are so deftly interwoven, Henry Vaughan has no superior among the poets of his time. His songs in this strain are, indeed, but few—Amoret, Etesia, Fida, exhaust the number of the mistresses that forced tribute from his Muse—but they are all of fine quality. Etesia and Fida appear in his last volume, *Thalia Rediviva* (1678). The poet found Etesia excellent argument for his verse:

" For what I saw till I saw thee
Was only not deformity."

" The gallant tulip and the rose,
Emblems which some use to disclose
Bodied ideas—their weak grace
Is mere imposture to thy face.
For Nature in all things but thee
Did practise only sophistry."

Fida is a "country beauty" whose

" Blushes . . . lightning-like come on,
Yet stay not to be gazed upon;
But leave the lilies of her skin
As fair as ever, but run in,
Like swift salutes—which dull paint scorn—
Twixt a white noon and crimson morn."

Even these short extracts suffice to attest Vaughan's alert and sympathetic observation of Nature, wherein he stands quite apart from the singers of his time, stretching out a hand to those poets of a later day to whom, with Wordsworth, Nature became

" An appetite, a feeling, and a love."

Those who would call Vaughan a mystic—Mr. Gosse does so in his latest book, classifying him with Crashaw—have scarcely read the Silurist aright. Introspective and reflective much of his religious poetry undoubtedly is, but there is little in it that is esoteric or mystical, in the special sense that is applicable to Crashaw and the Cambridge Platonists. Mr. Palgrave well calls Crashaw "a sensuous mystic," while More, Joseph Beaumont, and Norris were "intellectual mystics." Henry Vaughan was neither. He was a frank lover of Nature, who

" Asked not why the first believer
Did love to be a country liver,"

because he himself found in Nature the voice, the features, the vesture of the Eternal.

" When seasons change, then lay before thine
eyes
His wondrous method; mark the various
scenes

In heav'n; hail, thunder, rainbows, snow,
and ice,
Calms, tempests, light, and darkness, by
His means;
Thou canst not miss His praise; each tree,
herb, flower,
Are shadows of His wisdom and His power."

There is not much of the mystic about such religious sentiment as this. We find here, and in many other poems and passages pitched in the same key, anticipations of that "religion of Nature" which has inspired some of our finest modern poetry. Vaughan's Nature-pictures are often enough burdened by too heavy a "weight of human feeling," and his imagery loses much of its beauty and force by the poet's flagrant affection for metaphysical conceit. But it is his prime distinction to have had an open eye and ear for the beauty and the language of Nature at a time when other poets were all but blind and deaf to her charm. "Of all our poets," writes Mr. Palgrave again, in a little-known essay,

"until we reach Wordsworth, including here Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, Vaughan affords decidedly the most varied and the most delicate pictures from Nature; he looked upon the landscape, both in its fine details and in its larger, and, as they might be called, its cosmic aspects, with an insight, an imaginative penetration, not rivalled till we reach our own century."

Let one more quotation, from a poem called "The Dawning," suffice as an example of his imaginative description of Nature:

"All now are stirring, every field
Full hymns doth yield;
The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light;
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pursy clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter,
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star!"

What though the motive of this poem be the Second Advent? It is the poet of Nature that speaks in such lines as these; and no mere mystic, immersed in theological speculation, were capable of dreaming his way into such poetry.

Vaughan's name must always be linked with that of George Herbert. In the literature of the seventeenth century they stand together, twin laureates of English sacred song, and twin sons of Wales, whom their countrymen have still to rate at their true worth. Herbert's influence upon Vaughan, however, was not altogether for good. *Silex Scintillans* is full of metrical experiments as fantastic and as futile as any to be found in *The Temple*. Such a poem as "Son-days," in its curious structure and with its hopeless jumble of grotesque images, marks a height of enormity to which Herbert never reached. Vaughan had much more of the poetic vision than George Herbert, and when he follows Herbert in his aberrations he sins with a prodigal waste of gifts such as the other had not in him to squander. Herbert is the perfect flower of the meditative devotee, gentle, ingenuous, benign; and his poetry is the gracious and equable expression of a quiet life and stainless character. Vaughan was—so, at least, he tells us—a repentant

sinner, and though he seems to have schooled himself in time into the same mood of reflective pietism as Herbert, he always retained a sense of "those brave translunary things" which mere devotion and "pious meditation" could never have bred in him. Thus it is that in his best religious poems he constantly soars to heights beyond the ken and scope of Herbert's pedestrian muse. He is not long on the wing in this upper air, he soars perhaps only to fall suddenly and swiftly, but for brief moments we, amid the smoke and the mists, catch the gleam of the golden sunlight on his wings. Mr. Beeching, in the latest edition of Vaughan's poems in "The Muses' Library" calls the Silurist "a poet of magnificent intervals." In this, as I have already hinted, he is a genuine Celt. Let Henry Vaughan have the credit of his birth-right. He is with the Welsh bards, and neither he nor they have cause to blush for being thus put in fellowship. Not that Vaughan is to be taken as representing in English literature that exceedingly vague and elusive thing called "the Celtic tendency." Matthew Arnold and Renan are responsible for much loose talk about the Celt, and the prophets of "the Celtic Renaissance" could doubtless find much in Vaughan to adorn some very pretty theories about the Celtic "strain" or the Celtic "note" in English literature. I am only concerned to show that in one respect Vaughan is a true brother of the lyric poets of Wales. The greatest of them all, Dafydd ap Gwilym, who is more in evidence just now than he has been at any time since George Borrow discovered him for the English reader many years ago, is "a poet of magnificent intervals." His best things are of the very first order, but his inequalities are startling and exasperating. The ability to cope with a great argument, and to develop it with unflagging and prevalent power in a poem of epic dignity and extent, is a gift denied to the Welsh poets. But in sudden snatches of inspired song the lyric poets of Wales will compare with that of any country. It is such "bright shoots" of poesy that redeem the greater part of the work of Henry Vaughan. The very first poem in *Silex Scintillans* at once affords striking examples:

"A ward, and still in bonds, one day
I stole abroad;
It was high spring, and all the way
Primros'd, and hung with shade.

And as a pilgrim's eye,
Far from relief,
Measures the melancholy sky,
Then drops, and rains for grief.

The unthrift sun shot vital go'd
A thousand pieces,
And heaven its azure did unfold,
Chequer'd with snowy fleeces.

Only a little fountain lent
Some use for ears,
And on the dumb shades language spent
The music of her tears."

All these fine touches occur in one short poem. What, again, could be more sug-

gestive as a poetical description of the dawn than the following:

"I see a Rose
Bud in the bright East?"

Or with what sublimer image could a poem begin than with the famous one which forms the opening lines of "The World"?—

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days,
years,
Driv'n by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world
And all her train were hurl'd."

Such are a few of the fine things that the patient reader of the Silurist's poems will find in much greater profusion than is commonly imagined; and, in closing the volume from which I have quoted them, I cannot do better than repeat the quaint words of the publisher of *Olor Iscanus* to the reader:

"If thou dost expect I should commend what is published, I must tell thee, I cry no Seville oranges. I will not say, Here is fine or cheap; that were an injury to the verse itself, and to the effects it can produce. Read on, and thou wilt find thy spirit engaged; not by the deserts of what we call tolerable, but by the commands of a pen that is above it."

W. L. J.

AN UNCLAIMED INHERITANCE.

THE LONDON LIBRARY.

How many writers are there in London who know what generous aid they may draw, if they choose, from an old brick house in St. James's-square? To be sure, the old brick house is being replaced by a new one in Portland stone. But the scent of the roses, which is to say the fine flavour of leather-bound learning, clings to it still, and is grateful to those who enter therein. We speak of THE LONDON LIBRARY. "Pshaw!" cries Little-Faith (who was willing, you remember, to *scrabble on his way to the Celestial Gate*), "London is choked with libraries, and one does not seek books in Clubland." So Little-Faith goes to the British Museum day after day, toilfully to search for, and transcribe some passages from, let us say, Dugdale's *Monasticon*. He does not know that in St. James's-square he might put Master Dugdale into a hansom and drive him to his own home. A library which lends the most rare and inaccessible books, staying not its hand when the volume asked for is worth a hundred pounds, is an institution whose existence Little-Faith is hardly able to receive as a fact. But the London Library does precisely this thing. It lends out books which in other libraries can be consulted only on the spot, and for such brief space of time as a man's engagements permit. The fact ought to be proclaimed anew that any literary man who subscribes £3 a year to the London Library may

borrow ten standard works at one time—including books of cost and rarity—for two months of private study in his home. No other library in this country gives such privileges; none in the world gives them so liberally.

It goes without saying that within the London Library there is freedom of access to the books. Members browse on the open shelves, seeking what they need, trying and tasting as they go; and out of the one hundred and eighty-five thousand books in the collection a town member may have ten sent to his house by rail or carrier, while a country member may order forward fifteen. No wonder that Oxford men, to whom the Bodleian is open every day, send to the London Library for books. The Bodleian and the British Museum are the last great resources, the almost unfailing resources, of literary workers in this country; but the London Library supplies special aid of the most valuable kind. It cancels, more than any other library, the reproach which Gibbon urged against London: "The greatest city in the world is destitute of that useful institution—a public [lending] library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat on any large historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work."

The erection of the new building, of which the fifty-seventh annual report of the Library, recently issued, gives particulars, marks, we trust, a new era in the growth of the London Library. That growth has been vigorous from the first, but alike in its theory and practice this Library is so admirable that we cannot but think of it as an unclaimed inheritance. Its members number only 2,472; and these are scattered throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Channel Islands. Moreover, the present rejuvenation of the Library has not been accomplished without difficulty, though it has been accomplished without fuss.

The precise origin of the London Library must be considered somewhat obscure. Thomas Carlyle had much to do with the founding of it. He was a member of its first committee, which met on July 18, 1840. Mr. Gladstone sat on the same committee. Other members present were Mr. Arthur Helps, Mr. George Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay, and Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes. Lord Lyttelton, as president, signed the minutes. In its first years the Library was housed at 49, Pall Mall, but in 1845 it was removed to Beauchamp House in St. James's-square, where it has snugly remained ever since. Almost to the end of his life Mr. Gladstone took a warm interest in the London Library. In 1879 he attended the general meeting called to consider the question of buying the freehold, and his warm support of the project contributed to its execution. Very early in the history of the Library the Prince Consort became its patron. Its minute books bristle with illustrious names. We find that the committee which met on February 3, 1841, consisted of the following men: Mr. George Cornwall Lewis (in the chair), Sir E. L. Bulwer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Mr.

W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, Mr. James Spedding, and Mr. Edward FitzGerald. At various times the committee has included men like Earl Stanhope, Hallam, Grote, Mark Pattison, Sir Harry Verney, Cotter Morrison, and others. Lord Clarendon, the first president, was followed by Carlyle, who held this honourable post from 1871 to 1881. Lord Houghton became the third president. The fourth was Lord Tennyson, and now Mr. Leslie Stephen occupies the chair. Prof. Huxley was a member until his death, and Mr. Herbert Spencer has been a member since 1867. To all these men, and to men of equal or of lesser intellectual calibre, the London Library offers solid help in the article of books.

It is impossible and unnecessary to describe the contents of a large all-round library. In the London Library, History and Literature are represented by the greatest number of books. County histories—those always costly tomes—are here in full array. The collections of books on Art and Topography are very fine. Imagine the privilege of borrowing for two whole months Nash's *History of Worcestershire*, or the Strype 1756 edition of Stow's *Survey of London*. The books on Science are such as will satisfy any layman who wishes to keep himself abreast of the progress made in all departments of research. Foreign literatures are well represented, even Swedish and Hungarian books being carefully stocked. For Spanish books the members make a large demand. Nothing strikes the visitor to the London Library so much as the promptness with which costly new books are bought and lent out. There has been no attempt on the part of the administration to amass surplus funds. The funds of the Library have been spent on the Library. Indeed, additions to the collection have been almost entirely by purchase, and how constant the increase has been may be judged by the fact that the books have risen from 13,000 in 1842 to 185,000 in 1898. The secret of the Committee's ability to go on adding expensive books to their collection is largely this: they do not purchase ephemeral or inferior books. They do not buy a novel until it seems worth while to buy it, and until it can be bought at a second-hand price.

Another thought presents itself. In 1841 the London Library was founded to fill an absolute vacancy; and despite the growth of Free Libraries, it practically fills the same vacancy still. In view of this fact, and of the traditions which it has gathered in its fifty-seven years of existence, it is not surprising that the more ebullient members insist that the London Library is really a national institution, deserving the legacies of wealthy patrons of literature. It certainly seems anomalous that when the people want a library some rich man is sure to rush forward with thirty thousand pounds, whereas the raising of £10,000 for the rebuilding and improvement of the London Library has been a matter of great travail. We suspect, however, that the London Library will best fulfil its destiny by maintaining the dignified policy which has always distinguished its management. It was never more prosperous than now.

HYMNS.*

"In a good hymn," said Tennyson, "you have to be commonplace and poetical." Perhaps because after all our various distinctions grow out of a substratum of commonplace, almost everybody is affected by some hymn; not in his depths, perhaps, but in his sensitive surface just where it stings. So you hear of Thackeray bursting into tears upon hearing a street-arab sing, "There is a happy land, far, far away," to its familiar little Indian air.

"A song of adoration to some superior being" is Johnson's definition of a hymn. "It is a song with praise of God," says St. Augustine. "If thou praise God and sing not, thou utterest no hymn. If thou sing and praise not God, thou utterest no hymn. Song, praise—the praise of God: these three things." About this central notion of adoration two other threads are twined; sometimes one, sometimes the other, is at the surface. The one is the expression of intellectual apprehension; the other of emotional affection. Both are found in the earliest forms of Christian hymnody; the former mainly in the great ages of theological disputation, when the mysteries of faith supplied matter for the activities and confusion of all the brightest wits in Europe. The spirit that moved the hymn-writers of those days was akin to what among ourselves is called the scientific spirit—the spirit of reverence for the most certain of known truths. They triumphed in a conclusion at last established; they revelled in the right word discovered after a generation's search, and vindicated against all heresies.

Particularly is it of the very essence of the hymns with which St. Thomas of Aquin adorned the office and mass of Corpus Christi: "Pange lingua," "Verbum supernum prodiens," and the grand pean of the Veiled Presence, the sequence "Lauda Sion." This last is a series of great hammer-blows of triumphant—almost arrogant—orthodoxy; its condensed and antithetical form is the despair of translators:

" . . . Blood for drinking, flesh for eating,
Yet in both . . .
Wholly present Christ is hailed.

Whoso of this food partaketh,
Rendeth not the Lord, nor breaketh;
Christ is whole to all that taste:
Thousands are, as one, receivers;
One, as thousands of believers,
Eats of Him who cannot waste."
("Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consumitur.")

The incidents of the Redemption tragedy were the facts *par excellence* of the world's history: they were apprehended with a vividness that by us, in an age that will hardly tolerate them as historical, can with difficulty be realised. Take the Passiontide hymn "Vexilla Regis prodeunt." It was composed by the last of the Latin troubadours, Venantius Fortunatus, in the sixth century for the consecration of a church at Poitiers, of

* *Hymns and Hymn-Makers.* By Rev. Duncan Campbell, B.D. (A. & C. Black.)

which in his graver age he was bishop.
These stanzas are from Neale's version :

The Royal Banners forward go,
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in Flesh, our Flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

Fulfil'd is now what David told
In true prophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the Tree.

O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,
Ordain'd those Holy Limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood.

Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weigh'd the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoil'd the spoiler of his prey."

There are history and dogma in a setting of pageantry; so also in the ancient Greek hymn, translated by Keble, which is still used in the Greek Church at the lighting of the lamps :

"Hail, gladdening Light, of His pure glory
pour'd
Who is the Immortal Father, Heavenly,
Blest,
Holiest of Holies, Jesus Christ our Lord !
Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
Divine."

Not that the sense of a personal relation, which takes for granted the dogmatic truths that form its basis, has ever been absent from Christian hymnology. Off-hand, probably, most people would have conjectured "O happy band of pilgrims," and "Safe home, safe home in port," to be of modern British origin; they are the work of a ninth century Sicilian. Indeed, the note is sounded in the first Christian hymn of all— "Magnificat anima mea Dominum"; St. Ignatius in the first century applies the style "my Love" to our Lord; and you would search modern writers in vain for so tender a strain as this from the cloister of St. Bernard, of Clairvaux (the translation, is, of course, Father Caswall's) :

"O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek !
But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know."

But in the England of the Reformation settlement the cry of personal devotion grew vocal (not to say garrulous) at the time of the Evangelical revival that stirred the dull formalism of the eighteenth century. Charles Wesley is credited with 6,000 hymns, of which some few survive, and must endure till the Anglo-Saxon race shall altogether perish : " Jesu, Lover of my soul," "Love divine, all love excelling" (embodied by Sir John Stainer in his *Daughter of Jairus*), "Hail the day that sees Him rise" are of the number; and here are two stanzas of another :

"God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine !
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat
With Mary at the Master's feet ;
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice."

It is interesting to watch an ordinary congregation during the singing of these passionate words. Berridge was one of the Wesley group, and the spirit of them all is illustrated by this sentence from his pleasant epitaph :

"Here lie the earthly remains of John Berridge, late vicar of Everton, and an itinerate (*sic*) servant of Jesus Christ, who loved His Master and His work, and, after running on His errands for many years, was caught up to wait on Him above."

"Rock of Ages" was perhaps written to controvert the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection. Toplady, its author, was Calvinistic in his views. He edited the *Gospel Magazine*, and the hymn appeared at the end of a curious article, which, following a paper upon the National Debt, was entitled "Spiritual Improvement of the Foregoing." Partly for the pleasure of restoring the original second line, we quote the last stanza :

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings snap in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

The metaphors will not bear examination; four or five distinct images are woven into the woof of the hymn; but its immense influence is a fact. Another hymn in which the note characteristic of the Evangelical revival may be discerned is "Lead, kindly light." It may have been a bright particular flame in the writer's purgatory to hear this luckless tangle of discordant images—expressive, rather, of the disorder of mind and body, which he was suffering in the Bay of Naples at the time of his writing it, than of any normal process of thought or emotion—within a week of his decease incessantly vibrating upon the wings of Dr. Dykes's admirable music. The churchwardens, and the sidesmen, and the Sunday-school teachers—hark to them :

"So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile."

It is very pathetic, but what does it mean ? Newman was asked, and frankly confessed that if it had ever meant anything he had clean forgotten what it was. And what does the singer who has abjured "the garish day" mean by welcoming the morn, the beginning of another ? But it has hit the national humour that hates first principles, abhors consequences, and is pretty sure that Providence, upon the whole, is at the back of the Union Jack; and, therefore, it is destined to a pitiful immortality. "Praise to the Holiest in the height," from *Gerontius*, is, on the other hand, a composition of great dignity. The stages of the world's history, according to Catholic theology, are un-

folded, from the Creation and the Fall to the cardinal fact of the Divine Incarnation.

"O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all Divine."

And the refrain itself—

"Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise.
In all His works most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways"—

is touched with a serene and lofty enthusiasm. Of Faber we take for granted "Hark, hark my soul," "My God, how wonderful Thou art," and the others that have found their way into most of the Protestant hymnals. He was a very superlative person; and here, from the *Oratory Hymn Book* is the sort of thing that is most characteristic of him. He celebrates the definition of the Immaculate Conception, which is nothing else than a declaration that the Blessed Virgin was not touched, even for a moment, by original sin, in such jubilant strains as these :

"O Mother, I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast ;
My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
O, could such transport last !
I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state ;
And I keep singing in my heart—
Immaculate ! Immaculate ! "

The Divine Son's heart glows with rapture, bright choirs in gleaming rows answer to His rapture with their songs, the singer would forfeit heaven rather than this jewel should be missing from Mary's crown ; she shines like a royal star on God's eternal breast; for the Vicar of Christ has proclaimed her prerogative. Probably this hymn has done more to spread devotion to the dogma among English Catholics than the multitudes of sermons and treatises which have been spent upon it. For there is nothing in the world so convincing as a rhyme. Luther's hymns were the principal means by which the doctrines of the Reformation were spread. The Evangelical revival projected itself into the popular heart through hymns. The Oxford Movement, so far as it has won its way among the people, owes more to Neale and Keble than to Pusey. Who shall say how many millions Isaac Watts's

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,"
or Heber's

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

has been worth to the Protestant missionary societies ?

Space fails us in which to tell of Dr. Bonar ("A few more years shall roll"), of Bishop Ken, of Dr. Bright ("And now the wants are told"), of John Byrom ("Christians, awake, salute the happy morn"), of Dean Alford (Come, ye thankful people come"),

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of Mr. Baring Gould ("Daily, daily sing the praises"), of Thomas of Celano ("Dies iræ") and his translators, of Frances Ridley Havergal and Mrs. Alexander. Of these and some hundreds of others Mr. Campbell gives a concise scholarly account. Two reflections are borne in upon the reader's mind: the first, that the art of hymn-writing is so distinct that no poet of the first rank has achieved a successful hymn; the second, one which is well expressed by Mr. Campbell in his excellent introduction:

"Hymns [he writes] are sung in assemblies where their authors would never come. The words of bishop, abbot, and cardinal are used in lowly conventicles where their stately canonicals would seem strangely out of place. On the other hand, the hymns of many a simple Nonconformist layman are sung by white-robed choristers under the fretted roofs of venerable cathedrals, the one touch—not of Nature, but of grace—making singers and writers kin."

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EDOUARD ROD is always interesting, by reason of an extremely winning and noble sincerity, and seriousness of tone and treatment. He brings nothing in the way of sunshine or gaiety or gladness to his study of humanity, but he fronts us with a fine conscience, with an inalterable goodness. The Pasteur Naudié on whose behalf he now seeks our sympathy is, it must be confessed, a bit of an imbecile. This gentle Pasteur Naudié, a Protestant minister of La Rochelle, is miserably mated. But how is it possible to pity the creature who slips so easily into the noose, chosen, not choosing? And after all we are forced to remember that had Mlle. Jane Defos been poor instead of an heiress, her extravagant act in deputing her uncle to ask the hand of a man who has never spoken to her, never solicited her interest or bestowed his own upon her, would have shocked him as an unqualifiable piece of impudence and immorality. Why should the fact of her fortune have altered the nature of the act in the eyes of a refined and honourable man? Such a proceeding revealed her fully in the colours experience develops—a creature of caprice, indelicacy, and inconsequence. She did not know the minister, did not care a farthing for him; he was not a figure to turn the head of an impetuous and romantic schoolgirl. He was an oldish, dull widower, with grown-up children. She took it into her head to marry him, as she might have gone to China—with a return ticket. Having leaped into marriage, she found it as we all should have found it under the circumstances—dull. The minister paid deservedly the price of his folly, and was miserable ever afterwards, till wealth and wife vanished into the arms of a younger man, and he was exiled by shame and sorrow to the African Coast. The story is a strong and sincere study in a minor key, an interesting addition to the Protestant literature of France. French Protestants, I am sure, are delightful, but why don't their historians make them a little more cheerful and cheering? M. Rod takes his

task too heavily. And yet we owe him gratitude. Through him we learn something of this large element of French thought. Whatever the anti-Dreyfus party may assert and like to believe, Protestantism has an immense hold in France. Such important towns as Montpellier, Montauban, and Nîmes in the south are entirely Protestant. All the Cévennes, La Rochelle, Nantes, many eastern towns, are strong Protestant centres, and yet the modern novelists, with the exception of M. Rod, who is not French, write as if France were exclusively Catholic or Freethinking. And this Protestant element, with its superior personal rectitude and judgment, if with an infinitely narrower outlook and sympathies, will be enlarged and strengthened, on the day (if ever) that full light is shed on the lamentable Dreyfus tragedy, and the dark and grievous scandal is revealed in all its abomination and iniquity. It has been said that Dreyfus, the unhappy victim of militarism and clericalism to-day, has won more Alsatiens and Lorrainians to Germany than ever the Revanche will succeed in winning back to France. If he should ever be conclusively proved innocent, the Protestant cause in France will equally benefit by his martyrdom.

MM. Hachette have published a remarkable study of the influence of Scott in *Le Roman Historique*. It is very learned and conscientious. The idealist current preceding the loud-voiced, high-coloured, and vigorous romanticism of Hugo, is traced from the pastoral literature of the fifteenth century, through an ocean of fantasies and extravagances to the long-winded heroisms and sentimentalities of La Calprenède and Mlle. de Scudéry. The realistic current is developed very ably from Hamilton and the Abbé Prevost, while the picturesque current, the immortal glory of defunct romanticism, finds its apotheosis in Chateaubriand. M. Maigron gives at great length some of the most beautiful descriptive passages of Chateaubriand, and heavens! as one reads these passages in the midst of modern pages, with modern pages round about us, how increasingly glorious they seem! There can be no doubt of it: on both sides of the Channel the secret of majestic, beautiful prose is lost to us. The witchery, the commanding nobility of words are gone from literature. Renan here, Stevenson on the other side, though in a much smaller way, he being merely a bright figure, and not a great astral glory, seem to have been the vanishing echoes of splendid national harmonies. To read now of Scott's success in France is still a stupendous surprise. "Milliners and duchesses, from the simple people to the artistic and intellectual elect of the nation, all felt his fascination and prestige. Not even in France was any French name ever so known and so glorious," writes M. Maigron. Publishers—lucky wretches as always—grew wealthy upon his translated works; poor hacks subsisted upon imitations of him; the nation's literature took its tone from him, and when he died it was a day of national mourning in France.

Why in modern French literature should youth and obscenity be seemingly synonymous terms? We may be tolerant of the

follies of young men, and not insist that they shall be sages or saints, but, candidly, the excesses of the young authors who claim the hospitality of the *Mercure de France* for their futile lucubrations, shake at the very foundations of tolerance, and suggest the advisability of the institution of a sombre and stern committee told off by an exasperated public to sentence to the fire first the young men's books, and then themselves. For I can imagine nothing less awful than fire acting as moral soap here. But possibly nobody reads these appalling obscenities but the authors, their friends and enemies, and the few reviewers to whom they are addressed. *Initiation into Sin and Love* is the suggestive title of a work of genius of this kind I lately waded through. I think I pitied the writer even more than myself or the publisher's reader. As an excuse for the monotony of obscene experiences, the author naively assures us that his duty is to be accurate in following his hero, and that as licentiousness is the largest element in a young man's life, the conscientious author must make it the largest element in a sincere and "real" study of life. Poor young men! How dull it must be to be condemned, whether they like it or not, to seek experience ever and always at the same disgusting source, while there is so much that is pleasant and entertaining in the world: peril and sport on land and water, horses, collections, foreign travel—even cycling! I think I would rather be a Deputy of the terrible Chamber, and argue with the anti-Dreyfusites, than be the hero of a French novel.

Talking of cycling, let me recommend a clean and humorous book by M. Remy Saint Maurice: *The Recordman*. There are some delightful sketches of life and character in a Breton village, whose hero, a baker's boy, becomes the champion cyclist of the world. The novel rolls up and down the Continent (even across the Channel to beat the Anglo-Saxons—in spite of M. Desmolins—at Birmingham) on wheels, in a flash of steel, a glitter of light, a whirl of dust. The hero's return to his native village, an illustrious figure of the age, is almost worthy of Daudet. To be sure, it wants Daudet's lightness, his caustic wit, his delicious humour, his incomparable touch; but it recalls him, and that in itself is a pleasant claim upon the reader. But it fills us with regret too. It tells us that Daudet has gone while there remained a fascinating book he might have written, and which another has written with a younger, heavier hand, and a touch less fresh, less buoyant. But, such as it is—pure, good-humoured, witty, too long and inartistic, may-be—*The Recordman* has an honourable place in the gay and humorous literature of the day.

H. L.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

XV.—MY COUSIN FROM NEW YORK.

"WELL it's real good of you to let me pick and choose like this," she said hovering about my literary shelves. "You people on this side always think that

Americans don't care about anything but dollars and bonnets but I tell you I do just admire good literature. I know you think American women just want to talk talk talk just as fast as they can and think a heap more about clam-chowder than they do about Shakespeare but I do assure you we know as much about Shakespeare over the other side as they know in Stratford-on-Avon and I know that for a fact because—

Her forefinger paused over *American Ideals*.

"That," I said, "is a book of essays by Theodore Roosevelt — the man who has organised the Rough Riders in Cuba."

Her finger proceeded on its journey along the row. "Now I'm not like that at all," she continued. "Give me a real nice book and I'll sit down in the corner just as quiet as a mouse. Now that's the book I want right here — *American Wives and English Husbands* — that's by Gertrude Atherton. She wrote *Patience Sparhawk* and that's just sweet. I may have that mayn't I? and oh! *A Queen of Men* that sounds a good title Sakes alive! is this *English*?"

She turned the pages with nervous fingers.

"I believe there is a certain amount of Irish in it," I replied.

"Well, I expect I shall be dead before I've time to learn Irish," she said. "I can read German with a dictionary but when I read German I just sit down to have a real hard time and I don't mind what trouble I take so long as I can feel at the end that I have gotten the man's meaning out of him. I don't mind Crockett or Barrie they're just like 'Ragged Robin' at Mr. Tree's theayter its only English spelled wrong and you can spell it right in your own mind anyway but I can't learn a new language between the London depot and Brighton. Say what's this?"

"That's a rather interesting story," I said. "It's by George Egerton, and it's her first long—"

"*The Wheel of God*. I think I'd like to take that."

She opened the book and found the last page, at which she looked attentively. Then she returned it to the bookshelf.

"No I won't take that," she said decidedly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"She goes to stay with a lot of women in the country and I don't think that's a nice ending anyway."

"But do you always look at the end of a book before you read it?"

"Always," she said. "I like to know that however sad the story may be there's just a chance of happiness for the people at the end of it. Those stories that leave nearly everybody dead and the rest unhappy — well they just make me tired. Just as if it wasn't as easy to let the girl marry a nice man at the end and have a prospect of some fun."

"Then," I said, "you insist on a happy ending to a novel?"

"Oh now you're laughing at me! I don't mean that every story should end with a wedding because I could pick out a lot of things in Bond-street that I want more than a husband but I want something in a story

to reconcile me to real life. I know you people on this side think we Americans have a good time and don't think about things but why can't novelists make life what it ought to be and not just what it *oughtn't* to be?"

"No; don't take that," I said. She had her hand on Mrs. Wood's *Weeping Ferry*. "You won't smile for a month. Here, take *The Londoners*. There's no one to be sorry for in that."

"Say now you are laughing at me?" she said.

"Not a bit. I agree with you," I replied. C. R.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THE MAGAZINE WAR.

A DIARY OF EVENTS.

LAST week we entered very fully into the dispute between Messrs. Harmsworth and Messrs. Smith & Son respecting the sales of the *Harmsworth Magazine*. We now chronicle the later events of this enlivening struggle:

Saturday, July 16. The Bookstall War at its height. The *Daily Mail* seriously disappoints its readers by giving only an inch to the escape of two monkeys from the Bull and Bush Inn on Hampstead Heath. At any other time, it is felt, a band of humorists would have started at once from Tudor-street to the Heath. However, readers settle down to three columns of the "Magazine War." In these, Mr. W. L. Thomas, of the *Graphic*, is permitted to pay off an old score against Messrs. Smith & Son, who, it seems, wanted an extra 10 per cent discount on the Royal Academy Number of the *Graphic* in 1897. They did not get it.

A meeting of newspaper proprietors is convened for Monday to scariify Messrs. Smith & Son, and "to listen to certain proposals."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Smith & Son are represented by a long letter in the *Daily Chronicle*, which, by special arrangement, is quoted in the *Daily Mail* on the same morning. Also, Messrs. Harmsworth are permitted to reply to Messrs. Smith in the same issue of the *Daily Chronicle*; their reply, again, being quoted in the *Daily Mail*. This despatch is a lesson to generals and admirals, who often fight slowly and intermittently, forgetting that the public wants its fun.

Messrs. Smith & Son's letter puts the "true issues":

"(1) Must a newsagent distribute a magazine for the profit of the producer if it causes a loss to himself?

"(2) If he asserts his right to conduct his business as he pleases, is he to be intimidated into capitulation by the high-handed action of a publisher who merely wishes to establish a monopoly far greater and more crushing than the one he seeks to displace, and also tries to obtain his object by openly threatening and secretly plotting the ruin of his antagonists who have the courage and self-respect to oppose him?"

Messrs. Smith & Son lay down ten additional propositions, and state: "Our total bookstall profits, with all our large business, are not nearly so large as the profits of Harmsworth, Limited." The public muses on the following counter-statements:

Messrs. Smith & Son say:

"We know full well the aims and ambition of Messrs. Harmsworth. They desire, by means of judicious working of the public through the columns of the *Daily Mail* and other journals, to force the small retailer to keep their magazine on sale — whether at a profit or a loss to him they care not a whit. Ultimately their object is, by intimidation, and where necessary, by boycott, to obtain the entire control of the retailers, and to compel them to sell such literature as the Harmsworths put on the market, on such terms as the Harmsworths choose to dictate, for the profit and aggrandisement of — the Harmsworths. This is the danger that we have to meet, and backed up as we are by the great majority of the retailers, we intend to meet it bravely and steadfastly. We do not intend to be bullied into selling any magazine at a loss."

The *Saturday Review* counsels its readers to keep out of Harmsworth's way, and says that Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's grammar is shocking.

Sunday, July 17. The *Harmsworth Magazine* and the Hampstead monkeys are discussed at innumerable dinner-tables.

Monday, July 18. Picturesque arrival of Mr. George Moore on the battlefield. "It is many years" since the author of *Esther Waters* "warned Messrs. Smith & Son of this danger." The gem of Mr. Moore's letter to the *Daily Chronicle* is its revelation of Mr. Faux, of Messrs. Smith & Son's firm, in the character of a critic:

"On the publication of *Esther Waters* Mr. Faux told an interviewer that the reason he refused to sell the book was because he found it to be full of 'pre-Raphaelite nastiness.'"

Mr. Moore is himself revealed as a student of politics. It seems that the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., the founder of the Strand firm, sympathised with Captain Boycott, and denounced "boycotting"; accordingly Mr. Moore, who alone recollects this, invites the public to be hugely amused by "the spectacle . . . of the young Smiths handing out their father's unremembered writings against exclusive dealing with their left hands, while they indite

Messrs. Harmsworth say:

"By gradually absorbing all these agents throughout the country, they hope to get the whole retail trade of the United Kingdom into their own hands, and thus to tighten their grip on the throats of owners of newspapers and publishers of books. By stirring up agitation among the retailers, they believe they pose as leaders, trusting that the shopkeepers who get their supplies from other wholesalers will desert to the Smith standard."

invitations with their right hands to the retail trade to boycott Mr. Harmsworth's magazine." Mr. Moore also pleasantly compares Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's profits to those of Mr. Gordon, the money-lender. As a parting shot he says he has sold 10,000 copies of *Evelyn Innes* without Smith & Son's help.

The readers of the *Daily Mail*, having again scanned the columns of their pet paper for tidings of the runaway monkeys, and found none, resign themselves to a column and a half of Magazine War. They are informed that

"the position of the 'Magazine War' this morning is that over 700,000 copies of the boycotted venture have been sold."

Meanwhile, Messrs. Smith have again circularised the Trade in appealing terms and in a literary style which blights the hope that our controversial literature is to be enriched by this quarrel :

"Messrs. Harmsworth, by means of us retail newsvendors, and by us alone, have reached the high position and the truly magnificent profits they now enjoy.

And so long as they treated us with fairness we none of us grudged them that position and those profits. But now, when they think they are strong enough, they try to kick away the ladder by which they have risen. They produce a magazine—a very fair production, too—and finding they cannot make a profit on it on the ordinary trade terms, they try to sweat their profit out of the pockets of the—for the most part—poor and struggling newsagents, by attempting to create a demand among the public which they think the small retailer will be powerless to withstand. They have used a weapon—it may or may not be a powerful one, but it is at all events un-English and unsportsmanlike.

Will you come forward and help us? It is a battle not for high profits, but for a living profit as against an actual loss."

While this appeal is appearing in the *Chronicle*, Messrs. Harmsworth are quoting it [agreeably to the new Simultaneous Journalism] in the *Daily Mail*, where it is described as "frantic and undignified." Mr. Moore's anecdotes bring forth others. It is alleged that once on a time Messrs. Smith & Son declined to sell somebody's *Life and Times of Lord Salisbury*, and that they explained their action by stating that they had "no reason whatever to believe that a pamphlet with Lord Salisbury as a subject could be sold." *Daily Mail* readers think that this space really might have been devoted to the monkeys.

The meeting of newspaper proprietors and others, announced on Saturday, is held somewhere in the *Graphic* buildings. A couple of dozen journalists, who go thither to attend the meeting, spend twenty minutes in obstructing the pavements round St. Clement Danes, but do not gain admittance.

Seven hundred thousand copies of the *Harmsworth Magazine* sold.

Tuesday, July 19. The Hampstead monkeys are no longer at large. Chagrined by the neglect of the *Daily Mail* they "broke into" the very cage they had "broken out of" a week before. Not a solitary humorist from Tudor-street has been seen on Hamp-

stead Heath, and all we now read is that "they [the monkeys] were in a deplorably woe-begone condition." Hardly have they effaced themselves, poor things, than the *Daily Mail* announces that "the excitement of the Magazine War looks, for the moment, as though it were abating."

Messrs. Smith & Son deny that they earn the huge profits (£250,000 to £500,000) per annum which are attributed to them by Messrs. Harmsworth.

Wednesday, July 20. The *Daily Mail* admits that the Magazine War has sunk to the level of the misunderstanding between Spain and America.

Thursday, July 21. Not a line about the "Magazine War" in the *Daily Mail*. Nothing official in the *Daily Chronicle*. We can but quote the words which Shakespeare, ever prophetic, put into the mouth of Henry IV.:

"So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new
broils
To be commenc'd in strands. . . ."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON THE GROUNDS OF CRITICISM IN DRAMATIC POETRY.

SIR,—With the merits of "Cyrano de Bergerac" I am not concerned; but to your reviewer, who applies to M. Rostand's play a method of criticism more suitable to lyric poetry, I should like to address a few questions.

Is he acquainted with the familiar comparison of those persons who recommend Shakespeare by quotations to the Irishman who showed a brick as a sample of his house? He will allow the bricks, so to speak, of "Cyrano" to be pretty, though mediocre; but to the structure he gives no attention. He may think it sufficient that he has allowed "Cyrano" to be an effective stage-play; but is not action the basis of dramatic poetry? Have we done justice to "Hamlet," for example, as a reading play, when we have called attention to the soliloquies, the counsel of Polonius, and

"But look! the morn, with russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill?"

Has he forgotten Macaulay's dictum: "The real object of the drama is the exhibition of human character"? Of the characterisation of "Cyrano" he says nothing. Instead, he reiterates, throughout four columns of your current issue, in the glib, cocksure fashion of the Impressionist school, that his brother-critics (M. Sarrey, for example), who may not have as good a claim to infallibility as he, have been too liberal in their praise, and that he is the proud discoverer of their mistake. His judgment may, or may not, be near the truth. But has he formed it on proper grounds?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR LANGMEAD CASSERLEY.
Finsbury-park, N.: July 19.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"LIFE IS LIFE."

"ZACK'S" stories have put the critics on their mettle. Mr. W. L. Courtney writes of them in the *Daily Telegraph* in words of earnest, yet tempered, praise. Especially is he struck by "Zack's" outlook on life:

"I am not sure that there are many books, even in our pessimistic age, which, from a certain point of view, reveal so clearly and decisively the despairing spirit. But as contrasted with the wails of impotent and mawkish hopelessness, there is in Miss Keats's volume an indomitable strength, an unshaking courage, a masterful calm. If I may be allowed to say so, she meets destiny like a man, and the attitude is of more value than the particular criticism of life to which she has committed herself."

Mr. Courtney quotes the following passage with admiration. The boy Humphrey, blind and solitary, friendless in Australia, thinks of England sometimes while repairing umbrellas for his bread:

"Then the umbrella would drop from his hand, and his blind eyes fill with visions of his English home; the crude street noises around him would hush themselves, and the lop-lop of the river as it humped its way over brown pebbles become audible: he watched it wind through the Thursty meadows, where the big elms lolled and sunned themselves, past the gorse covered hills and the shuffling woods in their spring coat of beach-green. He saw again the long green alleys of the chase, played in its old-world gardens, where the old-world flowers dozed with drooping heads, as if dog-tired of blooming."

Force of personality rather than of art is, however, the secret of "Zack's" power, in Mr. Courtney's opinion.

The *British Weekly* distinguishes severely and sharply between what is good and what is indifferent in *Life is Life*:

"There are 323 pages in this book. In reality it begins at page 241 and goes straight on. There are thus eighty pages, great pages, notable pages, unforgettable pages, pages sufficient to give the writer a reputation. There are 238 printed pages that precede this, and of them it may be said that they are well enough, but have nothing to do with what follows them, and are the work of a writer in every way immeasurably inferior."

Unfortunately for the collaborator theory "Zack" has given it a denial. But this critic can write of those stories which he likes:

"I should pity anyone who could read those stories unmoved. They are to be classed with Tennyson's 'Rizpah,' and there is not much to go along with them in English literature, not much with the same terrible, tearing, tearless passion."

The *Outlook*'s critic agrees with the *British Weekly* in condemning the first half-dozen or so stories in the book, but does he condone for his severity by going into ecstasies over the later ones:

"To consider the singular insanity of the title, and to peruse the first story in the collection, *Life is Life*, is to fall into despair of the author. All forlorn, the reader ploughs his way through 'The Failure of Flipperty,' 'The Busted Blue Doll,' and 'The Red-Haired Man's Dream,' and the clouds settle lower and lower upon his miserable head. For the pieces connote by

these deadly titles contain no spark of merit. . . . 'Travelling Joe' is much better; and although the author's mainstay and chief delight is suddenly to introduce death in the last sentence, hoping thereby to gain a certain Korah-Dathan-and-Abiram kind of effect, dear to the neophyte—the story is prettily fancied. 'Rab Vinch's Wife' approaches excellence, but why doesn't the story end? One more sentence would have done it. . . . 'Widder Flint' is neatly told; so is 'Dave,' but, &c. . . . If 'Zack' be a beginner, then there is hope for 'Zack'; she seems to understand Devonshire peasant life, more or less."

The *Spectator* feels deeply the grip of "Zack's" stories.

"But, while admiring the power and poignancy of this work, it is impossible to withhold a protest on the extreme dreariness of all the stories in the book. The impression which 'Zack's' stories leave on the mind is depressing. They are full of power, they are poignant, they possess a quality of tragic and dramatic force. But when he has finished the book the reader will lay it down with something of the feeling of relief with which one awakes from a bad dream to find the sun shining in at the windows and the hours of darkness past."

In the *Speaker* Mr. Quiller-Couch accepts "Zack" as a force to be reckoned with, but he criticises her outlook at some length:

"Life is Life" she says. It strikes me as a sound proposition, and doubtless we shall all agree that it is a true one—until we begin to ask ourselves separately what we understand by the predicate.

Life is (Life):
But does (Life) = (Beer and Skittles)
or = (The Valley of the Shadow)
or = (A nice, respectable Villa)
or = (Fifes and clarions)
or = (A Convent)
or = (A House Beautiful)
or = (A Grand Deal of Miscellaneous Eating).

You can only construe by paraphrasing; and so much (you see) depends on the paraphrase. . . . Hereafter; and with as good reason, 'Zack's' title implies her claim to accept life for what it is, and so present it. I fancy she will come in time to regret both the title and the claim, as alike amateurish."

In fine, Mr. Quiller-Couch doubts whether there is a true relationship between "Zack's" view of life, which is acknowledged on all hands to be a terrible one, and life itself.

"Zack's" humour is noted with enjoyment by most of her critics. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which refers to "Zack" as *he*, finds it "genuine" in the Devonshire stories; and this critic sums up a very general view in the short sentence: "There is something more than promise in 'Zack's' greatest failures."

SONGS OF ACTION."

MR. CONAN DOYLE'S *Songs of Action* have been received with kindly, even hearty praise as the metrical expression of the healthy feelings which inform his novels. Says *Literature*:

"The author's aim in nearly all these songs of action is that which guided Mr. Henley when he made the choice of pieces for his *Lyra Heroica*—to set forth the beauty and the joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion, the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism."

The *Saturday Review* and the *Daily Telegraph* are kindly critical. Says the former:

"It would be useless to pretend that Mr. Conan Doyle's style in verse is not secondary. He is always following somebody, often with a great deal of spirit and liveliness, but still following. In 'The Dying Whip' it is Tennyson, whose 'Northern Farmer' is quite closely paralleled, in the professional vanity of the dying man, his attitude to the parson, his intense local interests. Here it is curious that Mr. Conan Doyle should not have perceived that he was simply trying to rewrite one of the most famous of lyrical masterpieces. In 'The Frontier Line' it is Arndt, and the patriotic German *Lied* generally; elsewhere it is Campbell; it is even (or we are much mistaken) Mr. Newbolt. But, most of all, it is that imperious Mr. Kipling, with his wife, whom Mr. Conan Doyle, like all the other grave old plodders who now attempt songs of action, cannot help following for their lines."

"Secondary," says this critic. "Not first rate," says the *Daily Telegraph*. But "there is something to be said for the little volume of verse to which Dr. Conan Doyle has affixed his name. There is spirit and animation, the rush and glow of young blood about his poems—always a pulsating sense of life, sometimes even a certain freshness and originality. Take, for instance, 'The Frontier Line.'"

But no, we will quote the *Times*' critic's quotation. He says:

"It makes one forget for a moment all the evil side of horse-racing when we see a finish described in such moving verse as this:

'Spider is winning!' 'Jo Chauncy is winning'
It swells like the roar of the sea;
But Jo hears the drumming of somebody coming,
And sees a lean head by his knee.
'Nuneaton! Nuneaton! The Spider is beaten!'
It is but a spurt at the most;
For lose it or win it, they have but a minute
Before they are up with the post.

Nuneaton is straining, Nuneaton is gaining,
Neither will falter nor flinch;
Whips they are plying and jackets are flying,
They're fairly abreast to an inch.
'Crack 'em up! Let 'em go! Well ridden!
Bravo!'
Gamer ones never were bred;
'Jo Chauncy has done it! He's spurted! He's
won it!'
The favourite's beat by a head!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, July 21.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, PHILOSOPHY.
CUBA, PAST AND PRESENT. By Richard Davey. Chapman & Hall. 12s.

CHINA AND ITS TRANSFORMATION. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers.

IDEALS OF THE EAST. By Herbert Baynes. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 5s.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.
PAST AND FUTURE. Poems by F. J. Shaw. Mawson, Swan & Morgan (Newcastle-on-Tyne). 6d.

EDUCATIONAL.

THOMSON'S WINTER, FROM "THE SEASONS." Edited by George F. Irwin. Browne & Nolan, Ltd.

ILLUSTRATED NOTES ON ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. New edition. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Dawn of the Reformation. By the Rev. C. Arthur Lane. S.P.C.K. 1s.

MATRICULATION DIRECTORY. No. XXIV. JUNE, 1898. University Correspondence College Press. 1s.

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. Edited by Arthur Patton. New edition. Revised by John Cooke. Browne & Nolan, Ltd.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES: DEMOSTHENES: ANDROLION. W. B. Clive. 4s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOLD STANDARD: A SELECTION FROM THE PAPERS ISSUED BY THE GOLD STANDARD DEFENCE ASSOCIATION IN 1895—1898. Cassell & Co. 2s. 6d.

THE TURF. By Alfred E. T. Watson. Lawrence & Bullen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SCHEME OF OLD AGE PENSIONS. By Lionel Holland. Edward Arnold. 1s. 6d.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE whole of the *édition de luxe* of Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, to be published by Messrs. W. Thacker & Co., and to range with Macmillan's edition, is now taken up before publication, and it is fully expected that this edition, of which only 1,050 copies are printed, will shortly go to a premium.

A NEW novel by Duncan Craig, the author of *John Maverell*, entitled *Bruce Reynell*, is in the press, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock very shortly.

MR. HEINEMANN will publish, in the course of this month, a novel written in English by a young Italian lady. This book has a somewhat romantic interest, for it is the only work of the author that will ever reach the public, and it seems certain that the nature of its reception will never come to the author's knowledge, although she is still living—to judge from her portrait, in the very prime of health and youth. The book was written under great stress, and, as indicated by its title, *Via Lucis*, represents the struggles and efforts of a young girl in her attempt to find the true way of happiness. In this instance, "Vivaria," the *nom de plume* under which the book appears, has apparently found this happiness in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. When the book is published she will in all probability have taken vows in a convent for life.

MR. JOHN MILNE announces the immediate publication of a new work by Major Arthur Griffiths, the title of which will be *A Girl of Grit*. This will be issued as a companion volume to the same author's novel, *The Rome Express*, of which the sixth edition has just left the press. *A Girl of Grit* is a story, told in a similar style, of a gigantic scheme of fraud, and its ultimate detection.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* appeared so long ago as 1886. He has lately written a companion volume, *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, which will be published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett early next month.

JULY 23, 1898.]

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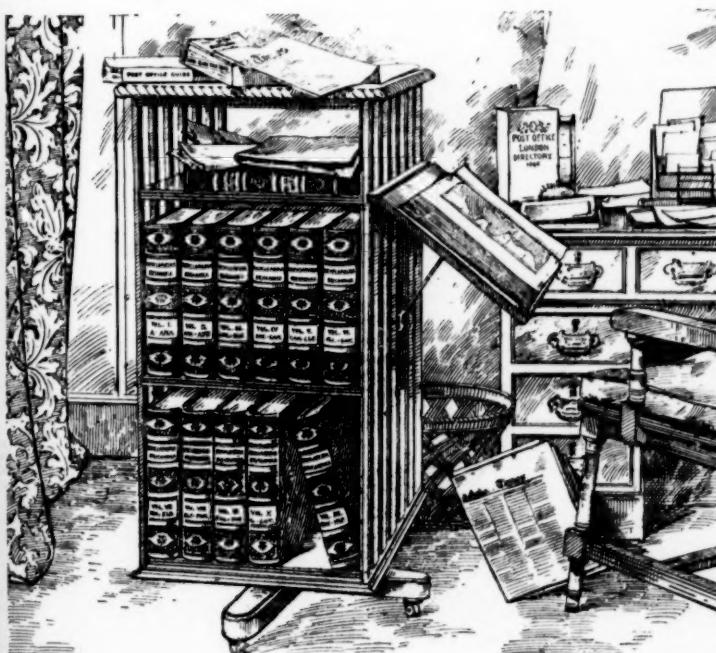
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